

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1823.

SKETCHES OF FIELD SPORTS IN INDIA.*

(Literary Gazette.)

IT puzzles us to say whether this book be more curious, more desultory, or more entertaining; it embraces so strange a medley of subjects, and treats them in so original a way. In the author, the Sportsman predominates even over the Surgeon, but the *mixture* of the two makes a delectable compound for the cure of spleen or ennui. For we have not only vivid descriptions of elephant, tiger, panther, leopard, hyena, wolf, hog, buffalo, badger, porcupine, deer, and hare hunting; and accounts of all sorts of bird catching and snake charming; but also medical inquiries into hydrophobia and animal poisons; natural history, and effects of climate; and details of customs, manners, anecdotes, &c. &c. forming altogether one of those amusing melanges which amateur writers are sometimes so fortunate as to produce—gossiping, intelligent, lively, Montaignish, instead of the usual prolix, prosy, uninteresting, egotistical volumes of pseudo authors. And to crown the whole, we find that the printing was almost entirely performed by a girl under nine years of age (the Clara Fisher of typography) at a press made by her father, Mr. Fowler, of which press and infant compositor the “Indian Field Sports” is the first fruits. In this point of view the book is a great literary cu-

riosity; and we may observe that the mode of getting it up was worthy of its contents.

Mr. Johnson begins with a description of the Jungle country between Calcutta and Benares, and then proceeds with its hunted inmates, both feathered and furred. The

“Shecarries (or professed hunters) are generally Hindoos of a low cast, who gain their livelihood entirely by catching birds, hares, and all sorts of animals: some of them confine themselves to catching birds and hares, whilst others practise the art of catching birds and various animals; another description of them live by destroying tigers.

“Those who catch birds equip themselves with a frame-work of split bamboos, resembling the frame of a paper kite, the shape of the top of a coffin, and the height of a man, to which green bushes are fastened, leaving two loop holes to see through, and one lower down for their rod to be inserted through. This frame-work, which is very light, they fasten before them when they are in the act of catching birds, by which means they have both hands at liberty, and are completely concealed from the view of the birds. The rod which they use is about twenty-four feet long, resembling

* Sketches of Field Sports, as followed by the Natives of India, with Observations on the Animals, Accounts of Customs, Anecdotes, &c. &c. &c. By Daniel Johnson, formerly Surgeon E. I. C. Service.

a fishing-rod, the parts of which are inserted within one another, and the whole contained in a walking stick.

"They also carry with them horse-hair nooses of different sizes and strength, which they fasten to the rod; likewise birdlime, and a variety of calls for the different kinds of birds, with which they imitate them to the greatest nicety. They take with them likewise two lines to which horse-hair nooses are attached for catching larger birds, and a bag or net to carry their game.

"Thus equipped, they sally forth, and as they proceed through the different covers, they use calls for such birds as generally resort there, which from constant practice is well known to them, and if any birds answer their call they prepare accordingly for catching them; supposing it to be a bevy of quail, they continue calling them, until they get quite close, they then arm the top of their rod with a feather smeared with bird-lime, and pass it through the loop-hole in their frame of ambush, and to which they continue adding other parts, until they have five or six out, which they use with great dexterity, and touch one of the quails with the feather, which adheres to them; they then withdraw the rod, arm it again, and touch three or four more in the same manner before they attempt to secure any of them.

"In this way they catch all sorts of small birds not much larger than quail, on the ground and in trees. If a brown or black partridge answers their call, instead of birdlime, they fasten a horse-hair noose to the top of their rod, and when they are close to the birds, they keep dipping the top of their rod with considerable skill until they fasten the noose on one of their necks, they then draw him in, and go on catching others in the same way. It is surprising to see with what cold perseverance they proceed. In a similar manner they catch all kinds of birds, nearly the size of partridges."

The larger animals are also, snared by nooses disposed in their haunts, and among others the hyena, the natural history of which Mr. J. says is imperfect, inasmuch as it is asserted they

are untameable. On the contrary, he states that

"A servant of Mr. William Hunter, by name Thomas Jones, who lived at *Chittrah*, had a full grown hyena which ran loose about his house like a dog, and I have seen him play with it with as much familiarity. They feed on small animals and carrion, and I believe often come in for the prey left by tigers and leopards after their appetites have been satiated. They are great enemies of dogs, and kill numbers of them."

"The natives of India affirm that tigers, panthers, and leopards, have a great aversion to hyenas, on account of their destroying their young, which I believe they have an opportunity of doing, as the parents leave them during the greatest part of the day. The inhabitants therefore feel no apprehension in taking away the young whenever they find them, knowing the dam is seldom near. - - - Hyenas are slow in their pace, and altogether inactive; I have often seen a few terriers keep them at bay, and bite them severely by the hind quarters; their jaws, however, are exceedingly strong, and a single bite, without holding on more than a few seconds, is sufficient to kill a large dog. They stink horribly, make no earths of their own, lie under rocks, or resort to the earths of wolves, as foxes do to those of badgers, and it is not uncommon to find wolves and hyenas in the same bed of earths.

"I was informed by several gentlemen of whose veracity I could not doubt, that Captain Richards of the Bengal native infantry had a servant of the tribe of *Shecarries*, who was in the habit of going into the earths of wolves, fastening strings on them, and on the legs of hyenas, and then drawing them out; he constantly supplied his master and the gentlemen at the station with them, who let them loose on a plain, and rode after them with spears, for practice and amusement. This man possessed such an acute and exquisite sense of smelling, that he could always tell by it if there were any animals in the earths, and could distinguish whether they were hyenas or wolves." - - -

Mr. J. mentions an animal in the Ramghur hills, called Dholes or Quiboes, which he does not think has been described by any naturalist.

- - - "They are between the size of a wolf and a jackall; slightly made, of a light bay colour, with fierce eyes, and their faces sharp like that of a greyhound."

They are very fierce and shy, and, hunting in packs, often destroy large beasts of prey. The bears seem to be a more humorous race in India, for we are assured

"They are often met by travellers on the new road; the carriers of palanquins are so accustomed to see them, that they take little notice of them, unless they think they are carrying a person unaccustomed to the country, whom in that case, they endeavour to intimidate by pretending that there is great danger in going on. This they do with the hope that a reward will be offered them to proceed; but if they find that the person is aware of their tricks, they try to get a present, by amusing him with a song, in which they imitate the bear.

"Bears will often continue on the road in front of the palanquin for a mile or two, tumbling and playing all sorts of antics, as if they were taught to do so; I believe it is their natural disposition, for they certainly are the most amusing creatures imaginable in their wild state. It is no wonder that with monkeys they are led about to amuse mankind. It is astonishing as well as ludicrous to see them climb rocks, and tumble or rather roll down precipices. If they are attacked by any person on horseback, they stand erect on their hind legs, shewing a fine set of white teeth, and making a cackling kind of noise. If the horse comes near them, they try to catch him by the legs, and if they miss him they tumble over and over several times. They are easily speared by a person mounted on a horse that is bold enough to go near them." - - -

The elephant, if not so sportive as the bear, claims from our impartial author the higher character of sagacity; and he adds several curious instances to the already well known host of sto-

ries which display this quality. For example;

"An elephant belonging to Mr. Boddam of the Bengal civil service, at *Gyah*, used every day to pass over a small bridge leading from his master's house, into the town of *Gyah*; he one day refused to go over it, and it was with great difficulty, by goring him most cruelly with the *Hunkuss*, [iron instrument] that the *Mahout* [driver] could get him to venture on the bridge, the strength of which he first tried with his trunk, shewing clearly that he suspected that it was not sufficiently strong; at last he went on, and before he could get over, the bridge gave way, and they were precipitated into the ditch, which killed the driver, and considerably injured the elephant. It is reasonable to suppose that the elephant must have perceived its feeble state when he last passed over it. It is a well known fact, that elephants will seldom or ever go over strange bridges, without first trying with their trunks if they be sufficiently strong to bear their weight, nor will they ever go into a boat without doing the same.

"I had a remarkably quiet and docile elephant, which one day came loaded with branches of trees for provender, followed by a number of villagers, calling for mercy (their usual cry when ill used;) complaining that the *Mahout* had stolen a kid from them and that it was then on the elephant, under the branches of the trees. The *Mahout* took an opportunity of decamping into the village and hiding himself. I ordered the elephant to be unloaded, and was surprised to see that he would not allow any person to come near to him, when at all other times he was perfectly tractable and obedient. Combining all the circumstances, I was convinced that the *Mahout* was guilty, and to get rid of the noise, I recompensed the people for the loss of their kid. As soon as they were gone away, the elephant allowed himself to be unloaded, and the kid was found under the branches, as described by the people. I learnt from my *Sarcar*, that similar complaints had been made to him before, and that the rascal of a *Mahout* made it a practice to ride the

elephant into the midst of a herd of goats, and had taught him to pick up any of the young ones he directed; he had also accustomed him to steal their pumpions and other vegetables that grew against the inside of their fences like french beans, which could only be reached by an elephant. He was the best *Mahout*, I ever knew and so great a rogue, that I was obliged to discharge him.

"The very day that he left my service, the elephant's eyes were closed, which he did not open again in less than a fortnight, when it was discovered that he was blind. Two small eschars, one in each eye, were visible, which indicated pretty strongly that he had been made blind by some sharp instrument, most probably a heated needle. The suspicion was very strong against the former keeper, of whom I never heard any thing after. The elephant I frequently rode on,

shooting, for many years after this, through heavy covers, intersected with ravines, rivers, and over hollow and uneven ground, and he scarcely ever made a false step with me, and never once tumbled. He used to touch the ground with his trunk on every spot where his feet were to be placed, and in so light and quick a manner as scarcely to be perceived. The *Mahout* would often make him remove large stones, lumps of earth, or timber out of his way, frequently climb up and down banks, that no horse could get over; he would also occasionally break off branches of trees that were in the way of the *Howdah* to enable me to pass.

"Although perfectly blind, he was considered one of the best sporting elephants of his small size in the country, and he travelled at a tolerably good rate, and was remarkably easy in his paces."

HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ.

IN our last, describing a French picture styled a great work, we pointed out that it could only justly be so designated with reference to its immense size; and now, we find ourselves most agreeably called upon to reverse our mode of expression, and say, if this book be termed, in the common phrase a heavy quarto, it can only justly be with reference to its bulk. For it is a noble History; and if the name of its author had not already stood so eminently high, this production alone would have engraved it on that splendid roll where the name of Gibbon, of Hume, and of Robertson, are inscribed in immortal characters.

We confess that we opened these pages with apprehension of fatigue; we thought that at best the narrative must come upon us like a twice told tale, for the events seemed to be recent, and too important to admit of forgetfulness, and too well known to allow of any novelty in disposition and colouring. We were entirely mistaken. The interest of the story grew upon us from

page to page, till our whole mind was engrossed; and we now as truly state our opinion, that Mr. Southey has begun the consummation and consolidation of his literary fame in this admirable Volume.

We can hardly communicate to our readers an idea of the impression made by the devotion of a few hours to this History. Any extracts, by detaching the continued interest, must injure it. There are, no doubt, links of the chain more perfectly wrought than others; but it is the whole chain, unbroken, and binding the senses, which compels from us the strong acknowledgment of the writer's powers. The matters recorded are worthy of the ablest pen; the style is peculiar, and peculiarly vivid; sometimes highly elevated, always clear and forcible, and generally subdivided (as will appear from our selections) in a new manner, which relieves us from the rounding of long periods without being abrupt, but on the contrary giving full developement to the author's meaning.

One prominent consideration attached to every historical work is that of its political bias. Upon this view we have (trying to have as little bias as possible ourselves) maturely weighed Mr. Southey's production. The result of this examination leads us to say that the evident leaning of his mind to what for want of a better understood appellation we must call Tory principles, does not in any material degree affect the impartiality and integrity of his Work. It is true that he speaks of Buonaparte, of his Generals on the Peninsula, and of the Revolution in indignant terms; but his facts bear out his language; and when errors or crimes are committed by those towards whom greater leniency might be anticipated, we do not perceive that he spares to reprove or stigmatize them as they deserve.

Having offered these few words on a topic far from congenial to our taste, we shall advance with the more pleasant part of our task.

The History of the late War is dedicated to The King, under whose glorious auspices it was so gloriously conducted and so gloriously concluded. A Preface explains the delay of publication, till the fullest and most correct knowledge of the subject could be obtained; and it is asserted, on obviously good grounds, that "since the publication of Strada's Decades, no history composed by one who was not an actor in it, has appeared with higher claims to authority. Indeed private as well as public sources of the best kind have been drained to enrich this work; and it is to the diligence with which this labour has been executed, as well as the high and unquestionable nature of the data consulted, that we owe the excellence of the record. We ought also to take into account the particular fitness of the author, whose intimate acquaintance with Spanish literature and the previous annals of the Peninsula, prepared him for the accomplishment of this arduous undertaking.

After the preliminary Chapter to which we have alluded, the Volume sets out with the Treaty of Fontainebleau, and the consequent invasion of Portugal; and brings down the histo-

ry through all the memorable events of 1807 and 1808, to the close of our first Campaign in the Peninsula by the battle of Corunna, and the embarkation of the British 16, 17 Jan. 1809.

From the multitude of interesting statements with which this narrative abounds, we shall select a few calculated to display (as far as our brief space renders practicable when treating of so copious a subject,) the author's manner, and some of the matter not hitherto placed in a light so distinct and impressive. Our first relate to the French General Junot in Lisbon, and to that unfortunate city while under his oppressive tyranny. The French army

- - "had entered Portugal with so little baggage, that even the generals borrowed, or rather demanded, linen from those upon whom they were quartered. Soon, however, without having received any supplies from home, they were not only splendidly furnished with ornamental apparel, but sent to France large remittances in bills, money, and effects, especially in cotton, which the chief officers bought up so greedily, that the price was trebled by their competition. The emigration had been determined on so late that many rich prizes fell into their hands. Fourteen cart-loads of plate from the patriarchal church reached the quay at Belem too late to be received on board. This treasure was conveyed back to the church, but the packing-cases bore witness of its intent to emigrate; and when the French seized it they added to their booty a splendid service for the altar of the sacrament, which had been wrought by the most celebrated artist in France. Junot fitted himself out with the spoils of Queluz, and Loison had shirts made of the cambric sheets belonging to the royal family which were found at Mafra. These palaces afforded precious plunder, which there had been no time to secure. The plate was soon melted into ingots, the gold and jewels divided among the generals, and the rich cloths of gold burnt for the metal, which constituted the smallest part of their value. The soldiers had not the same opportunities of pillage and peculation, but they suf-

ferred no opportunity to escape : those who were quartered in the great convent of St. Domingos pulled down the doors and window-frames, and put up the wood and iron work at auction. Yet their insolence was more intolerable than their rapacity, and their licentious habits worse than both. The Revolution had found the French a vicious people, and it had completed their corruption. It had removed all restraints of religion, all sense of honour, all regard for family or individual character; the sole object of their government was to make them soldiers, and for the purposes of such a government the wickedest men were the best. Junot himself set an example of profligacy : he introduced the fashion of lascivious dances, imported perhaps from Egypt—one of them bears his name ; and the Portuguese say that no man who regards the honor of his female relatives would suffer them to practise it.”

“The situation of Lisbon, at this time, is one to which history affords no parallel : it suffered neither war, nor pestilence, nor famine, yet these visitations could scarcely have produced a greater degree of misery ; and the calamity did not admit of hope, for whither at this time could Portugal look for deliverance ? As the government was now effectually converted into a military usurpation, it became easy to simplify its operations ; and most of the persons formerly employed in civil departments were dismissed from office. Some of them were at once turned off ; others had documents given them, entitling them to be reinstated upon vacancies ; a few had some trifling pension promised. All who had depended for employment and subsistence upon foreign trade were now destitute. Whole families were thus suddenly reduced to poverty and actual want. Their trinkets went first ; whatever was saleable followed : things offered for sale at such a time were sold at half their value, while the price of food was daily augmenting. It was a dismal thing to see the Mint beset with persons who carried thither the few articles of plate with which they had formerly set forth a comfortable board, and the ornaments which they had worn in

happier days. It was a dismal thing to see men pale with anxiety pressing through crowds who were on the same miserable errand, and women weeping as they offered their little treasure to the scales. Persons who had lived in plenty and respectability were seen publicly asking alms—for thousands were at once reduced to the alternative of begging or stealing ; and women, of unblemished virtue till this fatal season, walked the streets, offering themselves to prostitution, that the mother might obtain bread for her hungry children,—the daughter for her starving parents. Such was the state to which one of the most flourishing cities in Europe was reduced !

“As the general distress increased, tyranny became more rigorous, and rapine more impatient. - - - Suicide, which had scarcely ever been heard of in Portugal, became now almost a daily act. There is no inhumanity like that of avarice. The Royal Hospital at Lisbon was one of the noblest institutions in the world. Under the house of Braganza it was the admiration of all who knew how munificently it was supported, and how admirably conducted ; under the usurpation of the French more than a third part of the patients who died there perished for want of food.” - - -

The following is as curious as it is a remarkable account of a great national superstition, and is admirably written—

“The French, in the pride of their strength, and their ignorance of the national character, despised this poor oppressed people too much to be in any fear of what despair might impel them to ; and one remarkable effect of the general misery tended at once to increase their contempt and their security. There exists in Portugal a strange superstition concerning King Sebastian, whose re-appearance is as confidently expected by many of the Portuguese as the coming of the Messiah by the Jews. The rise and progress of this belief forms a curious part of their history : it began in hope, when the return of that unhappy prince was not only possible, but might have been considered likely, it was fostered by the policy of the

Braganzan party after all reasonable hope had ceased; and length of time served only to ripen it into a confirmed and rooted superstition, which even the intolerance of the Inquisition spared, for the sake of the loyal and patriotic feelings in which it had its birth. The Holy Office never interfered farther with the sect than to prohibit the publication of its numerous prophecies, which were suffered to circulate in private. For many years the persons who held this strange opinion had been content to enjoy their dream in private, shrinking from observation and from ridicule; but as the belief had begun in a time of deep calamity, so now when a heavier evil had overwhelmed the kingdom, it spread beyond all former example. Their prophecies were triumphantly brought to light, for only in the promises which were held out could the Portuguese find consolation; and proselytes increased so rapidly that half Lisbon became Sebastianists. The delusion was not confined to the lower orders—it reached the educated classes; and men who had graduated in theology became professors of a faith which announced that Portugal was soon to be the head of the Fifth and Universal Monarchy. Sebastian was speedily to come from the Secret Island; the Queen would resign the sceptre into his hands; he would give Buonaparte battle near Evora on the field of Sertorius, slay the tyrant, and become monarch of the world. These events had long been predicted; and it had long since been shown that the very year in which they must occur was mystically prefigured in the arms of Portugal. Those arms had been miraculously given to the founder of the Portuguese monarchy; and the five wounds were represented in the shield by as many round marks or ciphers, two on each side, and one in the middle. Bandarra the shoemaker, who was one of the greatest of their old prophets, had taught them the mystery therein. Place two O's one upon the other, said he, place another on the right hand, then make a second figure like the first, and you have the date

given.* The year being thus clearly designated, the time of his appearance was fixed for the holy week; on Holy Thursday they affirmed the storm would gather, and from that time till the Sunday there would be the most tremendous din of battle that had ever been heard in the world,—for this April was the month of Lightning which Bandarra had foretold. In pledge of all this, some of the bolder believers declared that there would be a full moon on the 19th of March,—when she was in the wane! It was a prevalent opinion that the *Encoberto*, or the Hidden One, as they called Sebastian, was actually on board the Russian squadron!

“Those parts of the old prophecies which clearly pointed to the year 1640, when the event for which they were intended was accomplished, were omitted in the copies which were now circulated and sought with equal avidity. Other parts were easily fitted to the present circumstances. A rhyme, importing that he of Braganza would go out and he of France would come in, which was written concerning the war of the Succession, was now interpreted to point to the Prince of Brazil and Buonaparte; and the imperial eagle which was preserved in the Spanish banners after Charles the Fifth, and against which so many denunciations had been poured out, was the device of this new tyrant. The Secret Island had lately been seen from the coast of Algarve, and the quay distinguished from which Sebastian was to embark, and the fleet in which he was to sail. The tongues of the dumb had been loosed, and an infant of three months had distinctly spoken in Lisbon, to an-

* *Poe dois os hum sobre outro,
E poe lhe outro a direita,
Poe outro como o primeiro,
Ahi tens a conta feita.*

A Sebastianist was explaining this to P. Jose Agostinho de Macedo, who asked him now he had made out the 808, where the thousand was? The believer pointed to the flag-staff from which the Portuguese colours were flying on the Mint—There it is straight and upright, behind the five wounds, which the voice of the Prophet has converted into ciphers.

Another prophecy gave the date by thirty pair of scissars, the bows standing for ciphers; and the scissars, when opened, each represented a Roman X. I am not sufficiently versed in the arithmetic of the prophets to discover how this is summed up into 1808.

nounce his coming. One believer read prophecies in the lines of those sea-shells upon which a resemblance to musical characters may be fancied. The effect of this infatuation was that in whatever happened the Sebastianists found something to confirm their faith, and every fresh calamity was hailed by them as a fulfilment of what had been foretold. The emigration of the Prince and the entrance of the French were both in the prophecies, and both therefore were regarded with complacency by the believers. When the French flag was hoisted they cried Bravo! these are the eagles at the sight of which Bandarra, one of the greatest prophets that ever existed, shed tears! During the tumult in Lisbon their cry was, Let them fire! let them kill! all this is in the prophecies. This folly gave occasion to many impositions, which served less to expose the credulity of individuals, than to increase the prevalent delusion. One Sebastianist found a letter from King Sebastian in the belly of a fish, appointing him to meet him at night on a certain part of the shore. A more skilful trick was practised upon another with perfect success. An egg was produced with the letters V. D. S. R. P. distinctly traced upon the shell; the owner of the hen in whose nest it was deposited fully believed that it had been laid in this state, and the letters were immediately interpreted to mean *Vive Dom Sebastianum Rei de Portugal*. The tidings spread over the city, and crowds flocked to the house. The egg was sent round in a silver salver to the higher order of believers. After it had been the great topic of conversation for three days, it was carried to Junot, by whom it was detained as worthy of being placed in the National Museum at Paris. These things naturally excited the contempt and ridicule of the French; nevertheless, when Junot, as if to put out of remembrance the very names of the Royal Family, ordered the ships that were called the Prince and the Queen to be called the Portugueze and the City of Lisbon; he altered the name of the St. Sebastian also."

Similar scenes, and indeed more bloody than those we have recorded

from this excellent volume, were re-acted afterwards at Madrid. The misconduct of every individual of the Royal family of Spain, which contributed so much to these sad disasters, is held up to proper scorn and detestation; and no one appears more prominently on the tapis than the Queen in her anxiety for her paramour Godoy, when imprisoned by the predominant faction—Murat being then the representative of Buonaparte in the devoted capital:

"No King ever placed his favour more unworthily than Charles, but there was a sincerity in his friendship which almost amounted to virtue, and would have done honour to a better monarch. The Queen's attachment also, which is more explained, had a character of enduring passion and self-abandonment seldom to be found in one at once so vicious and so weak. From this time she wearied Murat with letters, written in the most barbarous French and most confused manner, wherein she expressed her fears and her resentments.

The massacre of the 2d of May has been frequently described; but the following may be quoted as new features, or if not, as being very strikingly painted:

--- "An Englishman who was in the midst of this dreadful scene, told me the carnage was very great, and that he believed the French lost more than the Spaniards. This gentleman happened to be lodging with the same persons with whom I had lodged in the year 1796. Two women were killed in the house. The mistress (an Irish Catholic) dressed up a stool as an altar, with a crucifix in the middle, St. Antonio on one side, and St. I know not who on the other, and before these idols she and her husband and the whole family were kneeling and praying while the firing continued. This poor woman actually died of fear.—In the *Memoires d'un Soldat* the Mamelukes are said to have made a great slaughter that day. One of them breaking into a house from which a musket had been fired, was run through with a sword by a very beautiful girl, who was immediately cut down by his companions. A man who got his live-

lihood by the chase, and was an unerring shot, expended eight and twenty cartridges upon the French, bringing down a man with each; when his ammunition was spent, he armed himself with a dagger, and rushing against a body of the enemy, fought till the last gasp.

A singular contrivance was resorted to in order to inform Romana of the state of affairs at home, so as to induce him to withdraw the Spanish troops from the Baltic, whither the insidious policy of Buonaparte had transported them.

In proof of Mr. Southey's talents as a historian, we shall adduce only very short examples: these, however, in our judgment, sufficiently attest his qualifications to be of the foremost order, whether as they regard acuteness or comprehensiveness. Treating of the enthusiastic admirers of the early promise of the French Revolution, who in the end adhered so slavishly to the despot who blasted all its delusive prospects, Mr. S. says finely,

--- "More extraordinary was the weakness of those, who having been the friends of France at the commencement of the revolution, when they believed that the cause of liberty was implicated in her success, looked with complacency now upon the progress which opposition was making in the world, because France was the oppressor. They had turned their faces towards the east, in the morning, to worship the rising sun and now when it was evening they were looking eastward still, obstinately affirming that still the sun was there. Time had passed on; circumstances were changed; nothing remained stationary except their understandings; and because they had been incapable of deriving wisdom from experience, they called themselves consistent." ---

The Volume, as we have stated, terminates with the disastrous retreat to Corunna, with the bright halo of victory thrown about its closing day. Among the excesses committed by our desperate soldiery, no longer under the salutary restraints of discipline, we read

with great regret, the account of the destruction of the castle of Benevente, one of the finest monuments of the age of chivalry.

Even more affecting is the next relation: Sir J. Moore having resolved to retreat into Galicia, did not adopt the measures recommended by Romana; accordingly

--- "He desired that the high road of Manzanal might be left to him, saying, he would defend that and the principal entrance to Galicia by Villafranca; and that Romana might take the Foncebadon pass, and enter by way of the Val de Orras and Puebla de Sanabria. And here a proof of Spanish magnanimity was given by these half armed, half naked, and half famished men, for such they literally were. A malignant fever was raging among them, and long fatigue, privations, and disease, made them appear more like an ambulatory hospital than an army. Under such circumstances it might have been supposed they would have sought to secure their retreat under protection of the British to Corunna and Ferrol. But Romana and his forlorn band were too high minded to attach themselves as a burden upon those allies with whom they had so lately expected to co-operate in honourable and hopeful enterprise; and they assented without hesitation to the British General's desire. Romana only requested that the British troops might no longer be permitted to commit disorders which even in an enemy's country ought never to be allowed; it must have been painful indeed for Sir John Moore to have heard of such excesses, and still more painful to feel, that in a retreat so hasty as this was intended to be, it was impossible to prevent them."

To efface in some degree the remembrance of these painful incidents, we take permission to give two or three traits of a different class from the field of Corunna. Corunna was so bad a position, "that some of our general officers advised the commander to propose terms to Soult, for permitting the army to embark unmolested. --- Happily for his own memory, upon farther consideration, he rejected the ad-

vice. It is sufficiently disgraceful that such advice should have been given; and deeply is England indebted to Sir John Moore for saving the army from this last and utter ignominy, and giving it an opportunity of displaying to the world that courage which had never forsaken it, and retrieving the honour which, had this counsel been followed, would irretrievably have been lost. - - -

"Sir David Baird had his arm shattered with a grape-shot as he was leading on his division. - - Marshal Soult's intention was to force the right of the British, and thus to interpose between Corunna and the army, and cut it off from the place of embarkation. Failing in this attempt, he was now endeavouring to outflank it. Half of the 4th regiment was therefore ordered to fall back, forming an obtuse angle with the other half. The manœuvre was excellently performed, and they commenced a heavy flanking fire: Sir John Moore called out to them, that this was exactly what he wanted to be done, and rode on to the 50th, commanded by Majors Napier and Stanhope. They got over an inclosure in their front, charged the enemy most gallantly, and drove them out of the village of Elvina; but Major Napier, advancing too far in the pursuit, received several wounds, and was made prisoner, and Major Stanhope was killed.

"The General now proceeded to the 42d. 'Highlanders,' said he, 'remember Egypt!'—they rushed on, and drove the French before them, till they were stopped by a wall: Sir John accompanied them in this charge. He now sent Captain Hardinge to order up a battalion of guards to the left flank of the 42d. The officer commanding the light infantry conceived, at this, that they were to be relieved by the guards, because their ammunition was nearly expended, and he began to fall back. The General, discovering the mistake, said to them, 'My brave 42d, join your comrades: ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets!' Upon this they instantly moved forward. Captain Hardinge returned, and pointed out to the General where the guards were advancing. The enemy kept up a hot fire, and their artillery played in-

cessantly on the spot where they were standing. A cannon-shot struck Sir John and carried away his left shoulder, and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. He fell from his horse on his back, his countenance did not change, neither did he betray the least sensation of pain. Captain Hardinge, who dismounted, and took him by the hand, observed him anxiously watching the 42d, which was warmly engaged, and told him they were advancing; and upon that intelligence his countenance brightened. Colonel Graham, who now came up to assist him, seeing the composure of his features, began to hope that he was not wounded, till he perceived the dreadful laceration. From the size of the wound, it was in vain to make any attempt at stopping the blood; and Sir John consented to be removed in a blanket to the rear. In raising him up, his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs: Captain Hardinge began to unbuckle it; but the general said, in his usual tone and manner, and in a distinct voice, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me.' Six soldiers of the 42d and the guards bore him. Hardinge, observing his composure, began to hope that the wound might not be mortal, and said to him, he trusted he might be spared to the army, and recover. Moore turned his head, and looking steadfastly at the wound for a few seconds, replied, 'No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.'

"As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them frequently turn round, that he might see the field of battle, and listen to the firing; and he was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring-waggon came up, bearing Colonel Wynch, who was wounded: the Colonel asked who was in the blanket, and being told it was Sir John Moore, wished him to be placed in the waggon. Sir John asked one of the Highlanders whether he thought the waggon or the blanket was best? and the man said the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the other soldiers would keep the step, and carry him easy. So they

proceeded with him to his quarters at Corunna, weeping as they went. - - -

"The General lived to hear that the battle was won. 'Are the French beaten?' was the question which he repeated to every one who came into his apartment; and he expressed how great a satisfaction it was to him to know that they were defeated. 'I hope,' he said, 'the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice.' Then, addressing Colonel Anderson, who had been his friend and companion in arms for one-and-twenty years, he said to him, 'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way—You will see my friends as soon as you can:—tell them every thing—Say to my mother,'—But here his voice failed, he became excessively agitated, and did not again venture to name her. Sometimes he asked to be placed in an easier posture. 'I feel so strong,' he said, 'I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain.' But, after a while, he pressed Anderson's hand close to his body, and, in a few minutes, died without a struggle. He fell, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory. No man was more beloved in private life, nor was there any general in the British army so universally respected. All men had thought him worthy of the chief command. Had he been less circumspect, had he looked more ardently forward, and less anxiously around him, and on all sides, and behind,—had he been more confident in himself and his army, and impressed with less respect for the French Generals, he would have been more equal to the difficulties of his situation. Despondency was the radical weakness of his mind. Personally he was as brave a man as ever met death in the field; but he wanted faith in British courage,

and it is faith by which miracles are wrought in war as well as religion. But let it ever be remembered with gratitude, that, when some of his general officers advised him to conclude the retreat by a capitulation, Sir John Moore preserved the honour of England.

"He had often said that, if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and they feared that, if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."

Thus with a solemn splendour and a sad glory closed the career of a gallant but unfortunate Commander; and with this we shall close our necessarily imperfect notice of the Work which pathetically and impartially details the afflicting particulars. From what we have said and quoted, we hope a tolerably accurate judgment may be formed of Mr. Southey's first Volume, the great merits of which will, we think, render the public very impatient for the completion of his design. For *ourselves*, we have only to repeat our almost unqualified admiration of a performance which we are of opinion places its author in the foremost rank of British historians.

PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

The Chace.—A peasant having killed a wild boar in the vineyards on the estate of M. de Charrolais, was arrested and ordered to the galleys. The poor wretch, overwhelmed by the horrible sentence, threw himself at the feet of the enraged lord, and exclaimed, "Ah,

my lord! have mercy on me, I beg your pardon; but I thought it was a man, or I would not have killed it." His excuse was admitted, and as he only intended to destroy one of his fellow-creatures he was pardoned and dismissed.

GRIM'S GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.*

(London Mag. January.)

THIS little book is well timed—for with the wood-fires and long evenings of merry Christmas-tide, what helps on old drowsy Time so kindly with those whose imaginations are just flowering, and whose hopes and joys are in the bud, as the marvel-Tale, which an old servant narrates just before bed-time, or over a social cup of tea around the huge and well-logged kitchen fire? When we were young—and despite our grey hairs and tottering feet, we feel young still over a fairy-tale,—we used to sit, per favour, of a winter evening sometimes, and take a story and a sweet dish of brown sugared tea in the kitchen. Those evenings are in our memory as vivid as ever—and we can, in one particular dead fire light, still call them up with all their dark glory and mystery, to make us tremble like children in our old age. There was the square large cell of a fire-place,—and there the long dull grate—with the dull depressing coals—and there the low rush-bottomed chairs—the round deal table, and the single sickly candle, smothering its own light with unmolested wick. And there—there, in that very spot—is our old nurse, with the same gossip voice, telling the story of Bloody Jack, with an earnestness utterly terrific. We see the whole like a *Teniers* of the mind.—We hear the thin countrified voice of the nurse sounding still—and *Bloody Jack* is awful yet.

This book, we say, is well timed. It is a collection of traditional stories, translated and purified from the original German, and yet not robbed of the

rich improbability which makes them golden. They are simple in their manners of recital—potent in mystery and innocent extravagance. It is the vice of parents now-a-days to load their children's minds with useful books—books of travels, geography, botany, and history only, and to torture young thoughts with a weight beyond its strength. Why should little children have grown-up minds?—Why should the dawning imagination be clouded and destroyed in its first trembling light? Is the imagination a thing given to be destroyed?—Oh no!—Let the man and the woman have the dry book—the useful leaves—for their food; but give to childhood the tender green and flowers for its yeanling imagination. Casuists in go-carts are not for our affections. We love to see the earnest child on a low stool, lost in the wonders of Goody Two Shoes;—not straining the thin fibres of its little intellect over villanous abridgments. The tiny springs of an infantine mind are not strong enough to sustain the weight of *reasonable* books;—but piled up with airy tales, and driven by the fairies, they pass on and strengthen for better things.

Many of these stories are well known to old children—and some are new even to *us*!—We shall give one,—a pretty one,—to show how pleasantly the work is translated—and how much may be done with light materials, when the fancy goes kindly and cheerfully to work. The following is sweetly told, and as sweetly conceived. What delightful food for a child's imagination!

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.

There was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again.

When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her in a cage

* German Popular Stories, translated from *Kinder und Haus Märchen*. London 1823.

and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long stems of the trees upon the green underwood beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill; Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing,

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate.
Well-a-day!"

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, *Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu!* Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and

meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? He could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sung with a hoarse voice,

"Till the prisoner's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!"

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?"

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamed one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day early in the morning he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.

Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went

in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him; for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower,—and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful

as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily together many years.

[We only wish we had room for more, but already we have gossipped, like old nurses, late into the night. We must to our more serious avocations! But in closing the book, we cannot help complimenting the publishers on the prettiness of their volume. Cruikshank has given a dozen little sketches, which have more of the spirit of Fairy Tales in them than any others we ever looked at. The book too is published at a reasonable price:—the etchings are worth the money.]

(Lond. Mag.)

THE MISCELLANY.

[We propose to establish a place of refuge for small ingenious productions. A short poem, an original thought, a good jest, an interesting fact, a new discovery (in science or art), anecdotes whether in philosophy, biography, natural history, or otherwise), shall all be welcome. We only stipulate that they shall be good. In a word, we mean to provide for the younger children of the Wits and the Muses, and others, who have been immemorably disabled from sheltering their own offspring. The character of our Miscellany will be *brevity*,—which is the soul of wit, as every body knows. Independently of this, it will of course be very meritorious. We refrain from saying too much in our own behalf, lest our readers should suppose that we intend to do nothing.

Having premised thus much in a general way, we will proceed to our first article.]

FRIAR BACON.

THIS gentleman (as Mrs. Malaprop would have called him) was remarkable for something more than his Brazen Head:—not that his *own* head was made of brass, “quite the reverse.” He had a hard head, to be sure, and a deep one, and one that contained a great deal of learning. So much indeed of this valuable commodity had he, that he was taken (by the vulgar) for a conjuror. The silly monks of his own order would scarcely admit his works into their libraries. The Pope “liked not his learning,” it is said: but kept him many years in prison on a charge of heresy and magic. He lived, however, to the age of 78, and was buried in the Franciscan

church at Oxford.—Bacon was a person of great mind and extensive erudition. He wrote on many subjects,—criticism, chemistry, music, astronomy, metaphysics, astrology, logic, moral philosophy, &c.; and he wrote also (though he did not believe in what is called the *elixir vitæ*) on the “cure of old age, and the preservation of youth.” The reader, who is not acquainted with the jealous and ignorant folly of those times, will scarcely credit to what straits Bacon was reduced in communicating his discoveries. We will make a short quotation from his book, adding, in italics, the explanation of certain parts, from the key or notes at the end of the essay.

"For my own part being hindered partly by the charge, partly by impatience, and partly by the rumours of the vulgar, I was not willing to make experiment of all things, which may easily be tried by others; but have resolved to express those things in obscure and difficult terms, which I judge requisite to the conservation of health, lest they should fall into the hands of the unfaithful.

One of which things lies hid in the bowels of the earth (*Gold.*)

Another in the sea. (*Coral.*)

The third creeps upon the earth. (*The viper.*)

The fourth lives in the air. (*Rosemary.*)

The fifth is likened to the medicine which comes out the mine of the noble animal. (Supposed to mean human blood.)

The sixth comes out of the long-lived animal. (*Bone of a stag's heart.*)

The seventh is that whose mine is the plant of India. (*Lignum aloes.*)

This is even more mysterious and quite as unsatisfactory as the semi-animated phrase (neither a living language nor a dead one), which obscures the merit of our modern prescriptions. But "*Vive la Mystère!*"—what would men's heads or hearts look like, if they were stripped as naked as truth?

When Bacon surveyed his various productions, he must have felt a fine and honourable pride. If he read Horace, he might have quoted, apparently with safety, the

Exegi monumentum ære perennius;

but he would have been mistaken after all. "The *Head's* the thing by which he has caught the admiration of poster-

ity. His studies, his writings, his sufferings in the cause of truth, are nothing,—mere 'leather and prunella.' He lives in our admiration, enshrined, as the author of the Brazen Head alone.

How ill do people calculate on the deeds by which they are to survive the grave! Petrarch lives in his sonnets, but his more elaborate works are unknown. A pearl added to Cleopatra's fame, and an asp secured it. Canute, the king, is he who gave his courtiers a lesson on the sea-shore. The learning, and the fine qualities of Henry the Second, are little known: he is the paramour of fair Rosamond; nothing more. The pebbles of Demosthenes, the housewife's cake which our great Alfred burned, are conspicuous facts in their several histories. Sometimes, indeed, the works of men are so huge and overwhelming as to crush the name or reputation of their founders,—witness the art of printing, and the invention of gunpowder; to say nothing of our friend Cheops and the pyramids of Egypt. Who hewed out the temple in the caverns of Elephanta? Who built the great wall of China? Who carved the great eagle in the Corinthian palace at Balbec? Who lifted the masses at Stonehenge? What poet first wrote nonsense verses? Who was the inventor of toasted cheese?—We pause for a reply.—When these queries are satisfactorily answered,—we can produce more. In the mean time it is sufficient to say that we are satisfied with our own positions; particularly as our friend, Friar Bacon, is not in the predicament to which we have alluded.

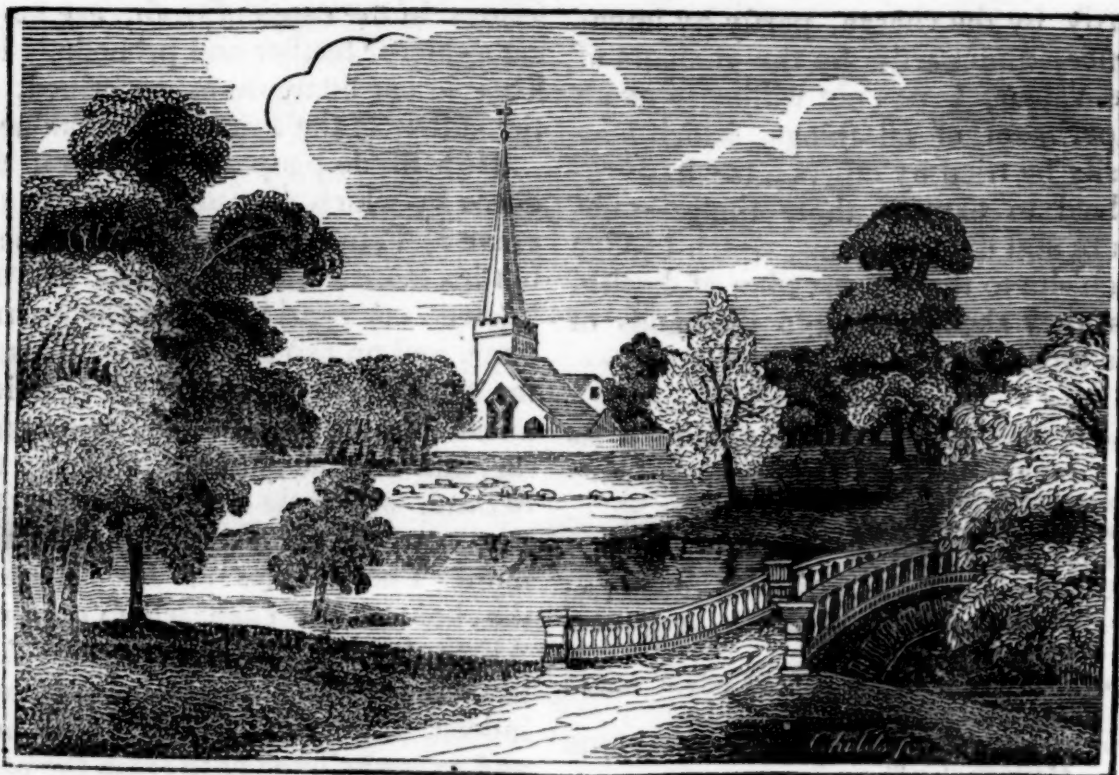
ABSENCE.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array;
Days of absence, I am weary,
All I love is far away.

Hours of bliss, too quickly vanished,
When will aught like ye return;
When the heavy sigh be banished?
When this bosom cease to mourn?

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear.

Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosom's idol banish,
Gloom but felt when he's away. J.M.



GRAY'S CHURCH-YARD AT STOKE, NEAR WINDSOR.

MR. GRAY wrote his beautiful "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," and others of his classical poems, while he resided at Stoke, and he was buried on the spot which his genius had immortalized. Elderly people lately living in that village, remembered his retired and secluded character, and they shewed a tree, in which he was accustomed to indulge in reading and meditation. The church and church-yard possess more interest than commonly belongs to such places, from the above associations, and their retired and picturesque situation. Nearly adjoining is

the park of Mr. Penn, from which the above view of Stoke Church has been taken; and on the same site that distinguished scholar and amateur has erected a splendid monument in honour of the Poet, with the following inscription:—"This Monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A. D. 1799, among the scenery celebrated by that great lyric and elegiac poet. He died in 1771, and lies unnoticed in the adjoining church-yard, under the tomb stone on which he pathetically and piously recorded the interment of his aunt and lamented mother."

SCRAPS OF CRITICISM.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

Gray's Elegy.

There has always appeared to me a vicious mixture of the figurative with the real in this admired passage. The first two lines may barely pass, as not bad. But the *hands* laid in the earth, must mean the identical five-finger'd organs of the body; and how does this consist with their occupation of *swaying rods*, unless their owner had been a schoolmaster; or *waking lyres*, un-

less he were literally a harper by profession? Hands that "might have held the plough," would have had some sense, for that work is strictly manual; the others only emblematically or pictorially so. Kings now-a-days sway no rods, *alias* sceptres, except on their coronation day; and poets do not necessarily strum upon the harp or fiddle, as poets. When we think upon dead cold fingers, we may remember the honest squeeze of friendship which they returned heretofore; we cannot but with violence connect their living

idea, as opposed to death, with uses to which they must become metaphorical (i. e. less real than dead things themselves) before we can so with any propriety apply them.

He saw, but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Gray's Bard.

Nothing was ever more violently distorted, than this material fact of Milton's blindness having been occasioned by his intemperate studies and late hours, during his prosecution of the defence against Salmasius—applied to the dazzling effects of too much mental vision. His corporal sight was blasted with corporal occupation; his inward sight was not impaired, but rather strengthened, by his task. If his course of studies had turned his brain, there would have been some fitness in the expression.

And since I cannot, I will prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Soliloquy in Richard III.

The performers, whom I have seen in this part, seem to mistake the import of the word which I have marked with italics. Richard does not mean, that because he is by shape and tem-

per unfitted for a *courtier*, he is therefore determined to prove, in our sense of the word, a *wicked man*. The word in Shakspeare's time had not passed entirely into the modern sense; it was in its passage certainly, and indifferently used as such; the beauty of a world of words in that age was in their being less definite than they are now, fixed, and petrified. *Villain* is here undoubtedly used for a *churl*, or *clown*, opposed to a *courtier*; and the incipient deterioration of the meaning gave the use of it in this place great spirit and beauty. A *wicked man* does not necessarily hate *courtly pleasures*; a *clown* is naturally opposed to them. The mistake of this meaning has, I think, led the players into that hard literal conception, with which they deliver this passage, quite foreign in my understanding, to the bold gay faced irony of the soliloquy. Richard upon the stage, looks round, as if he were literally apprehensive of some dog snapping at him; and announces his determination of procuring a looking-glass, and employing a tailor, as if he were prepared to put both in practice before he should get home—I apprehend “a world of figures here.”

MONTGOMERY'S “SONGS OF ZION.”

WE will now make an extract from a book, which is lying by our side, called the “*Songs of Zion*.” It is written by Mr. Montgomery who is perhaps the best poet, after Cowper, that the religious classes of society may call one of themselves. They have reason to be proud of him. He is an unaffected, strenuous, and sincere advocate of the cause which he believes to be good. And among the many sneers and objections which we have heard cast upon religious poets, we have never heard a sneer against Mr. Montgomery. This is one of the triumphs of sincerity. He is as free from cant as a pupil of Voltaire can be; and we think that he is at least as well entitled to his own self-respect. We shall extract one of the “*Songs of Zion*,”—the 104th; partly because it is one of the most sublime and difficult to be ren-

dered in rhyme,—and partly because it is one of those in which Mr. Montgomery may be said to have eminently succeeded. He has failed certainly in one or two instances.

This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
is no equivalent for “Who laid the foundations of the earth that they should not be removed for ever;” and the simplicity of “Thou covered'st it with the deep as with a garment,” is far beyond the paraphrase of the third stanza. But these are small objections. There is great breadth and spirit in the vision. It reminds us “not to speak it profanely,” of Campbell's “*Battle of the Baltic*” (the best thing he has done.) It is a rich and vigorous strain of song. It would become a vast cathedral, and a hundred instruments, harps and dulcimers and choral voices; for it tells finely a tale of earth and the heavens, and of things that shall endure for ever.

PSALM 104.

My soul, adore the Lord of might ;
 With uncreated glory crown'd,
 And clad in royalty of light,
 He draws the curtain'd heavens around ;
 Dark waters his pavilion form,
 Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
 Thunder rebounding to and fro ;
 He walks upon the winged wind,
 And reins the blast, or lets it go :—
 This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
 He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
 He summon'd the avenging main,
 At his rebuke the billows roll'd
 Back to their parent-gulf again ;
 The mountains rais'd their joyful heads,
 Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
 Its daily fall and flow maintains :
 Thro' winding vales fresh fountains glide,
 Leap from the hills, or course the plains ;
 There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
 And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
 Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
 Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
 And birds among the branches sing ;
 Soft fall the showers when day declines,
 And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flow-
 ers,
 God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks :
 On Lebanon his cedar towers,
 The wild goats bound upon his rocks ;
 Fowls in his forests build their nests,
 —The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
 He fills with grain the golden ear ;
 Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,

And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer ;
 —The moon her tide of changing
 knows,
 Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out ;
 He maketh darkness, and 'tis night ;
 Then roam the beasts of prey about,
 The desert rings with chase and fight :
 The lion, and the lion's brood,
 Look up,—and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east ; ere long the sun
 Warms the glad nations with his beams ;
 Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
 And night returns to them in dreams :
 Man from his couch to labour goes,
 Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
 In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought !
 The earth is with thy riches stored,
 And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
 Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
 For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
 By Thee directed on their way ;
 There, in his own mysterious world,
 Leviathan delights to play ;
 And tribes that range immensity,
 Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live ;
 Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
 They gather what thy seasons give ;
 Take Thou away their breath, they die ;
 Send forth thy Spirit from above,
 And all is life again and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
 Yet to destruction they return ;
 He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
 Touches the mountains, and they burn ;
 —Thou, God, for ever art the same ;
 I AM is thine unchanging name.

ON SPIDERS.

Insects are very curious ; and the spider is a curious insect. There is first, the Barbary spider, which is as big as a man's thumb. It carries its children in a bag, like a gypsy. During their nonage, the young folks reside there altogether, coming out occasionally for recreation, but dutifully returning. In requital for this, the young spiders, when they are full grown, become mortal foes to the parent, attack him (or her) with violence, and if they are conquerors, dispose of his body in a way perfectly understood by our friends on the other side of the Atlantic—Then there is the American spider (covered all over with hair),

which is so large as to be able to destroy small birds, and afterwards devour them : and also the common spider, which looks like a couple of peninsulas, with a little isthmus (its back) between. But the most remarkable spider of history was the daughter of the dyer Idmon,—Arachne. She, as many of our readers know, was changed into a spider for challenging Minerva to surpass her tapestry. This was impertinent enough, to be sure, whether it deserved its punishment or not is a subject which we leave to the Greeks. There is, however, something in the dauntless behaviour of Arachne, which, we may be permitted to say, strikes us

as fine. On the challenge being given, Pallas (who was as quick as Fine-ear,) stands at once before the culprit. The nurse and damsels fall down; but Arachne herself looks full at the goddess, with a changing cheek certainly, but otherwise firm and unterrified. Surely it would make a fine picture. What says your oracle, Mr. Weathercock? Pallas is before the group—

—Venerantur numina Nymphæ,
Mygdonidesque nurus. Sola est non ter-
rita virgo.

Sed tamen erubuit, subitusque invita notavit
Ora rubor, rursusque evanuit.—Ovid. *Meta.*

We will conclude with an account of two spiders of modern times. It is

said that the sexton of the church of St. Eustace, at Paris, was surprised at very often discovering a certain lamp extinct early in the morning. The oil appeared always to have been regularly consumed. He sat up several nights in order to discover the mystery. At last he saw a spider of enormous dimensions come down the chain (or cord) and drink up all the oil.—A spider of vast size was also seen in the year 1751 in the cathedral church of Milan. It was observed to feed on the oil of the lamps. It was killed (when it weighed *four pounds*!) and afterwards sent to the Imperial museum at Vienna. These stories are said to be facts. S.

We rather admire that our correspondent could forget that wonderful spider, the Tarantula, which perhaps bit St. Vitus, and for whose bite it is said that "Music has charms,"—or that curious half-spider, the Sensitive Catch-fly, or that more marvellous insect, the Caribbean, one of whose webs suffices for a fishing net, capable of catching the largest cod. Perhaps this last is too fabulous; but the two former are sufficiently vouched for to become objects of curiosity.

THE MERMAID.

To use a sporting phrase, the Mermaid has been well *backed*. In the first place, she is detained at the Custom House, and a price of 2000*l.* set upon her ape-like head. Then her picture is sent to Carlton House, and her demi-ladyship is let out of the Custom House:—she next takes a first floor at Tom Watson's Turf Coffee House, and sends round her cards for a daily "at home:" The great surgeons pay a shilling for a peep—and she is weighed in the *scales*, and found wanting. Sir A. Carlisle is said to have disputed her womanhood: Sir Everard Home questioned her haddock moiety. One great surgeon thought her to be half a baboon and half a gudgeon: another vowed she was half Johanna Southcote, with a salmon petticoat. Dr. Rees Price thought her a Mermaid clean out: and his opinion was disinterestedly forwarded to us by the proprietor. Lastly, she has become a ward in Chancery, and equity barristers tustle for her rights with all their usual manliness and propriety. She has no comb and glass—but how can a lady in her difficulties regard the care of her person. If she washes herself with her own fins, we ought to expect

no more. Certainly now she is in Chancery, Sir John Falstaff's taunt of Dame Quickly cannot be applied to her, "Thou art neither fish nor flesh, and a man knows not where to have thee!" We have been much pleased with the showman's advertisement about this little Billingsgate woman; he treats the question of her "To be, or not to be," like a true philosopher, and only wishes you to be satisfied that she has a claim upon your shilling.

[Advertisement.]—The Mermaid in the Sporting World.—So much has been said for and against this wonderful animal, and perhaps with a view to bring the period of dissection earlier than is intended by the proprietor, and we understand it his determination to satisfy the public opinion on this important question, by some of our first medical men and naturalists, as soon as the bare expences that he has incurred by bringing it to this country are liquidated, which cannot be long now from the many hundreds of spectators that daily call to view it; among the number many of our noble families; it has also been honoured by visits of royalty. The difference of opinion is now so great, whether it will turn out a natural production or a made-up deception, that a great deal of betting has taken place on the event; and as many persons back the strength of their opinion for and against the Mermaid, the sporting men will have a fine opportunity of making a good book, as

some are laying 5 and 6 to 4 on the Mermaid being a natural production, while others are laying the same odds, and even 2 to 1 against it. A sporting gentleman, who is supposed to have some concern in the Mermaid, has taken many bets and some long odds to a large amount, that it really is what is represented—a Mermaid. It is now exhibiting at Watson's, Turf Coffee House, St. James's-street.

We warrant us when this lady comes to be "what she is represented," that the Lord Chancellor will look upon her as one of the oldest wards under his care.

The *Stirling* paper gives an account of a gentleman every way fit to become Miss Mermaid's suitor. His dabbling propensities—his passion for wet clothes—his great age—all render the match desirable. Ought not a reference to be immediately made to the master to inquire into the settlements?—What an account for the papers! Marriage in wet life! At Shoreditch, on St. Swithin's day, Mr. John Monro, aged 95, to Miss Salmon, the Mermaid. The lady was given away by the Lord Chancellor, and, immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set off for the Goodwin Sands to pass the honeymoon. Two fish-women attended as bridesmaids.

The account of Mr. Monro is as follows:—

(From the *Stirling Journal*.)—There is at present living, at a place called Glenarie, six miles from Inverary, a person of the name of John Monro, at the advanced age of 95, who makes a point of walking daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and Inverary, or to the

top of Tullich-hill which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to this man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river Arca, and plunges himself headlong in with his clothes on; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when the "sky lowers, and the clouds threaten," and other men seek the "bield or ingle side," then is the time that this "man of habits" chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched; and, on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare to the pattering of the wind and rain. He at present enjoys excellent health; and, notwithstanding his habits, he has been wonderfully fortunate in escaping colds, a complaint very common in this moist climate—but when he is attacked whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode of cure is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself and indulging in the ardent sweating potions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the Arca, and takes one of his usual headlong dips, with his clothes on. He then walks about a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder. In other respects, the writer has never heard any thing singular regarding his manners or habits.

PSALM LXXVI. VERSIFIED.

In Judah the name of Jehovah is known,

In the chorus of Israel triumphantly swelling;

In Salem's high places is planted his throne,

And on Sion's fair hill is his glorious dwelling.

There brake he the arrows, there brake he the bow,

There brake he the shield and the sword, and the battle;

And worthier honour the mountain shall know

Than the hills where the shafts of the Plunderers rattle.

Fall'n are the proud and despoil'd of their store,

And the slumber of death is the sleep they are sleeping: [more,

And the hands of the strong ones are mighty no

And their triumph is turn'd to despairing and weeping.

Oh! God of our Fathers! both horseman and ear

At the breath of thy pow'r to destruction were hurl'd;

Who may stand in thy sight, fearful Lord of the war,

When the bolts of thy wrath are abroad on the world!

From the height of the heavens thy sentence was heard,

And earth as it trembled grew still at the voice,

When raising to judgment thy glory appear'd

And bade all the meek of thy people rejoice.

The fierceness and scorn of rebellion and pride

Shall but end in thy glory, and perfect thy praise;

Thou shalt turn all the darts of the wicked aside,

And crush all thy foes, oh Thou Ancient of days!

Then pay ye your vows to the great King of kings,

And be faithful all ye that assemble before him;

While each servant of God his peace-offering brings,

And serve him, and magnify, fear, and adore him.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHRISTOPHE HENRI, KING OF HAYTI.

(European Magazine.)

THIS remarkable person was a negro slave, born in the island of Grenada, on Oct. 6th, 1767. He served in the American Revolutionary War, and was wounded at the siege of Savannah, and, on his return to St. Domingo, was employed as an overseer on an estate called the Lemonade, the property of Dureau de la Ealle, the translator of Tacitus. It is reported that even in this occupation he displayed the natural severity of his disposition. When the measures of the revolutionary parties in France occasioned the insurrection of the blacks of St. Domingo, Christophe became an active partizan of the cause of emancipation, and soon acquired an ascendancy over his fellow slaves, by the daring intrepidity which he displayed in several sanguinary conflicts. Toussaint Louverture, the first supreme chief of the liberated negroes, appointed Christophe a general of brigade, and despatched him to suppress an insurrection which had been fomented against the authority of Toussaint by his nephew, named Moses. Christophe possessed himself of this leader by perfidy, and he was put to death by his uncle Toussaint, who appointed Christophe to succeed him as governor of the northern province. But the execution of Moses occasioned a rebellion, which broke out at Capetown on the 21st of Oct. 1801, and spread to several other places. Christophe at the head of his black troops attacked the insurgents in every direction, and by his personal courage and vigour, contributed greatly to suppress the insurrection. It must be observed, that Moses supported the principle of annihilating the whites, against the uncle whose better policy it was to encourage a mixed association of the different colours. But the principles of Moses had rendered him so popular, that when Christophe became king, he thought it advisable to treat his memory with respect in many public instruments, as well as by means of his confidential agents.

Christophe commanded at the Cape on the arrival of the French expedition under Le Clerc, in 1802. He was summoned to surrender, and in the correspondence which arose out of this summons, there were characteristic expressions, and a generosity of sentiment, which gave the sable chieftain a high superiority over his white opponent. "If," said Christophe, "you use against me the force you threaten, I will resist you with the intrepidity of a soldier, and, if the fate of arms be in your favour, you shall enter the Cape not until it is a smoking ruin, and even on its cinders I will continue to combat you. The troops, which you threaten to disembark, I consider as houses of cards which the slightest breath can destroy; and for your personal esteem, I wish it not at that price to which you attach it—the abandonment of my duty." On another

occasion he writes, "I want but proofs sufficient to assure me of the establishment of liberty and equality in favour of the people of this colony. The laws, by which the mother country has consecrated this great principle, will carry this conviction to my heart, and I protest to you that my submission shall be immediately consequent to my obtaining such a proof by your acknowledgment of those laws."—"You propose to me, citizen General, to afford you the means of securing General Toussaint Louverture. Such conduct on my part would be treasonable and perfidious, and your degrading proposal convinces me of your unconquerable repugnance to believe me susceptible of the least sentiment of delicacy and honour."

The blacks, however, disunited and betrayed, yielded at first to General Le Clerc, almost without resistance. Dessalines and Christophe were almost the only chiefs who offered resistance. They were proclaimed out of the pale of the law, and at length overcome by superiority of numbers. Christophe evacuated Port-au-Prince, firing the town, and effecting a junction with Toussaint Louverture, at the head of about 3000 men. When the perfidy of the French had acquired the possession of Toussaint's person, the war seemed suppressed, but it presently burst forth with renewed energy under the command of Dessalines. The climate favoured the efforts of these heroic blacks, and, before the end of 1805, the French army at St. Domingo ceased to exist. A national assembly met on the 1st Jan. 1804, and restored to the island its primitive name of Hayti. Dessalines was elected Governor-general for life. The island was divided into six military departments, each commanded by a General of division. Christophe was the oldest of Dessalines' officers, and he was put into the government of the department of the Cape. The baneful example of Napoleon's ambition soon spread its influence to St. Domingo, and Dessalines proclaimed himself Emperor, with a right to appoint his successor to the throne. On the 29th of July 1805, the 2d year of their independence, Dessalines appointed Christophe, Commander-in-chief of the army of Hayti. The republican party rose against the usurped government, and under a man of colour named Pethion, a virtuous citizen and a skilful officer, commanding the division of Port-au-Prince, they overthrew the usurpation in Oct. 1806, Dessalines perishing during the commotion. It appears that Christophe was no stranger to his being taken off, and on his death the war became fierce between Christophe and Pethion. The province of the north, and the west, continued in submission to Christophe; while the province of the south, and the second division of that of the west, adhered to the General Pethion. An assembly of dep-

uties was convoked at Port-au-Prince, the majority supported Pethion, but the minority protested against their decision, and at the beginning of 1806, a civil war may be said to have been kindled. A new assembly was convoked at the Cape, under the influence Christophe, which decreed the constitution of the 17th Feb. 1807, nominating Christophe President for life, and Generalissimo of the military and naval forces of the island: At the same time the province of the south-west established the republic of Hayti, with a constitution similar to that of the United States; Pethion being President for four years. In the mean while Christophe, with admirable dexterity, placed his military, naval, fiscal and civil establishments, in the most vigorous and efficient condition, and pushed the war against his rival with much activity, but with little success.

On the 28th March 1811, Christophe declared himself hereditary monarch of Hayti, under the title of Henry I. and he abolished all councils, except an executive council composed of his officers and courtiers. His wife, Maria Louis, a black woman, married on the 15th July 1793, was styled Queen, and the eldest son was to be called Prince royal of Hayti. From this epoch, the government publications declaimed against demagogues and anarchists; the insignia of royalty, the forms, ceremonies, and most trifling subjects of court etiquette, were regulated by royal ordinances, and, on the 5th of April following, appeared an edict creating an hereditary nobility of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights, with an allotment of heraldic devices, and armorial bearings. The instability of human affairs and the vanity of human nature were never more powerfully or more ridiculously displayed, than in this assumption of titles, heraldry, and feudal rights, by negroes, ignorant and rude, who, but a few years before had toiled under the caprice, the insolence, the lash of their mercenary and brutal owners. On the 7th of the month (April) Christophe issued an edict constituting an Archiepiscopal See in the capital of Hayti, and suffragan dioceses in the different cities of the kingdom.

But that which is more honourable to Christophe, was the Code Henri, published by him on the 20th Feb. 1812. The laws of his empire are divided into nine heads, and the complexion of the civil code approximates to the similar division of the Code Napoleon. Divorce is prohibited; death and the confiscation of property is enacted; morals and the catholic religion are especially protected; and the institution of a jury is not admitted. The coronation of Christophe took place on the 2d June 1812; the public functionaries from the Spanish part of the island, and the British naval officers on the station, were present at the ceremony, which rivalled in pomp and magnificence the coronation ceremonies of the most luxurious courts of Europe. M. Brelle, Archbishop of Hayti and Duke of Anse,

consecrated his Majesty with the formula and religious pomp of the Roman Pontificate.

The coronation oath was merely to maintain the then existing order of things, and to resist the re-establishment of white domination. On the senior British officer, drinking Christophe's health at the banquet, the sable monarch rose and drank, "to my dear brother George III—may he prove an invincible obstacle to the ambition of Napoleon—and may he *always* be the constant friend of Hayti."

In 1813, the numerous defections of his subjects presaged his future fall, and the ultimate triumph of the freer, and consequently better principles of his republican rival. But his military genius gave him a temporary advantage over his more moderate and enlightened adversary. The defections of his subjects exasperated the natural ferocity of Christophe's disposition, and stimulated him to acts of great barbarity. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, Christophe flattered himself that his conduct and pretensions would be more favourably viewed by Louis, than they had been by Napoleon. But Louis despatched a commission to St Domingo with proposals tantamount to requiring a gradual recurrence to the old regime. The negro Monarch received the terms with just indignation. He summoned a council of the nation at his palace of Sans Souci, on the 21st Oct. 1814, and the *expose* of the instructions and designs of the French government awakened the utmost enthusiasm in the population. Christophe prepared for the most determined resistance, and, in his instructions to his officers, he ordered them to provide torches and combustible materials sufficient to burn all the towns—on the landing of an enemy to destroy every species of public or private building, to blow up the bridges, break down all dikes and causeways, to devastate the country, and to retire with the whole population into the mountains, and, finally, to spare neither age nor sex of those enemies who fell into their hands, but to inflict upon them the "most horrible species of punishment." These orders were in unison with the general spirit of the people. One of the French agents was taken with his papers, which were published, and himself examined and exposed to the interrogatories of all the people, but no further injury was permitted to his person. The French King with great meanness subsequently disavowed this embassy, in the *Moniteur* of the 28th Jan. 1815. Christophe, to secure the people to his interests, now gave greater liberty to the press; he decreed a gratuitous instruction for the people, made efforts to abolish even the French language, hiring numerous English artists and instructors, and ordering all instructions to be conveyed in that language. On the 20th Nov. 1816, he refused to receive the new commissioners sent to Hayti by the King of France, declaring that he would not treat with France but upon the basis of independence and equality of national rights, and the commissioners, having re-

ceived similar answers from Pethion, returned to Europe. The negotiations with the French had displayed the personal superiority of Pethion over his rival, who saw the necessity of moderating his tyranny; and, on the 14th July 1819, he abolished an odious law confining the proprietorship of land to general officers. Pethion in the beginning of 1818 had died, and was succeeded by Boyer, whom he had nominated his successor; and this new President commenced his government by conquering from Christophe the country called the Grand-Anse, which he attached to the republic. The just and moderate government of Boyer was so strongly in contrast to the sordid, barbarous, and selfish policy of Christophe, as to detach all his subjects from their allegiance. In Sept. 1820, the garrison of St. Marc were so excited at the indignities which Christophe imposed upon their Colonel, by means of the Governor of the city, that they rose *en masse*, put the Governor to death, and sent a deputation to Boyer, offering to form a junction with the republic. Boyer hastily assembled an army of fifteen thousand men, and marched to support the insurgents. Christophe was labouring under a paralytic affection, and, shutting himself up in his fortified palace of Sans Souci, despatched his army against the insurgents of St. Marc; but on withdrawing these troops from the capital, the people of the metropolis rose in rebellion against him; and on the 6th Oct. the General, Richard Duke of Marmelade, proclaimed to the troops, the abolition of royalty, which was received with enthusiasm by all classes of persons. Christophe's body guard of about 1500 picked men, still adhered to his interests. He was borne amongst the troops, addressed them with praises and assurances of reward, and despatched them under command of his brother-in-law to meet the enemy; but news was soon brought to Christophe, that these household troops had gone over to the republicans, demanding the deposition of their former sovereign. Upon hearing this, he retired to his chamber in despair and shot himself through the heart, on the 8th Oct. 1820, being 53 years of age. His body was ignominiously exposed on the highways for several days—his son was massacred, but his widow and two daughters were allowed by Boyer to retire in safety; and they immediately sailed for England, and have since lived in the vicinity of London in a state of genteel independence. All titles, and the attributes of nobility were forthwith abolished by Boyer, who established the republican government throughout the former territories of Christophe; and, finally, by his skill and prudence, succeeded in amalgamating the Spanish part of the island with the new republic of the blacks.

Christophe had hoarded 240,000 dollars at Sans Souci, and 46,000,000 of piastres (£10,000,000 sterling) was found at Fort Henri. This sum accords with the boast which the Count Lemonade had officially

made, that the Emperor intended to pave and ceil the rotunda of his palace with coin. Christophe was guilty of the most atrocious cruelties; his pecuniary exactions were enormous; he had been munificent to his superior officers, but as to the great body of his people, he had merely substituted the attachment to them as slaves to the soil, instead of the former system of rendering them the property of white individuals. All the lands of the former proprietors he reserved to himself, except a few estates with which he had rewarded his Generals. The produce in kind of his reserved lands, the customs, and other taxes yielded him a considerable revenue. The intellect displayed by Christophe was sufficient to relieve the negro from the charge of being of an inferior nature; but how much more exalted was the character of his rival Pethion, who taking his countrymen from the debasement of slavery, converted them into free citizens, established over them an enlightened system of government, and after for ten years executing the supreme magistracy with vigour and justice, dies poor, and leaves his country free. Christophe was of Herculean form, and possessed of fortitude, and desperate bravery. In the several conflicts he would animate his ranks by exhibiting the rage and fury of a tiger. He was vindictive in the extreme, and hesitated at no cruelty which gratified his passions, or was calculated to promote his interest. His mind possessed extraordinary vigour, but he appears to have been incapable of profound thought, or of acquiring comprehensive systems. A certain tact of governing had taught him the necessity of public officers being pure, and that their duties ought to be performed with diligence and despatch. His establishments were therefore well conducted. He had learnt that manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, are essential to the prosperity of a state; that large public buildings are necessary to its grandeur, and that morality is essential to its stability. He was therefore always endeavouring to effect these causes of national prosperity by the most arbitrary, and often mistaken ordinances, forgetting that their only sources were the liberty of the subject, and the security of property. The arena of his exploits was hardly large enough to entitle him to a conspicuous place in the page of history, but, considering his attainment to a throne from a state of the most abject ignorance and slavery, considering the barbarous condition of those whom he had to command, and that with such materials, during a period of revolution, he contrived in a few years to found an empire, to build a superb city, and to form both civil and military establishments far surpassing any possessed by the neighbouring colonies of the three commercial nations of Europe, we cannot but allow that his qualities were at least equal to the average of those, who are celebrated as great princes, or as successful warriors.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

[We promised a superb treat to our readers in Mr. Flint's* account of a Methodist conference, at which, to use the French phrase, he assisted in America. The following redeems our pledge, and displays the unique style and odd notions of the writer in perfect accordance with his subject : to point which with more precision, we have interwoven a few Italics and parentheses.—*Lit. Gaz.*]

AN AMERICAN METHODIST MEETING.

I LATELY returned from visiting the camp meeting of Wesleyan methodists, where I remained about twenty-four hours. On approaching the scene of action, the number of horses tied to fences and trees, and the travelling wagons standing in the environs, convinced me of the great *magnitude* of the assemblage. Immediately round the meeting a considerable number of *tents* were irregularly disposed. Some of *them* were *log cabins* [a bit of a bull this, in our Scotch friend] that seemed to have served several campaigns, but most of them constructed by poles, covered over with coarse tow cloth. These tents are for the accommodation of the people who attend the worship for several days, or for a week together. I had no sooner got sight of the area within, than I was struck with surprise, my feet were for a moment involuntarily arrested, while I gazed on a preacher vociferating from a high rostrum, raised between two trees, and an agitated crowd immediately before him, that were *making* a loud noise and *the most singular gesticulations* which can be imagined. On advancing a few paces, I discovered that the turmoil was chiefly confined within a small inclosure of about thirty feet square, in front of the orator, and that the ground occupied by the congregation was laid with felled trees for seats. A railed fence divided it into two parts, one for females, and the other for males. It was my misfortune to enter by the wrong side, and I was politely informed of the mistake by a Colonel P——, of my acquaintance, who, it appeared, had undertaken the duty of keeping the males apart from the females. [The sly rogue ! one of his travelling tricks, to get among the women. Had he gone to Turkey he would have been

invading the Harem.] The inclosure already mentioned was for the reception of those who undergo religious awakenings, and was filled by both sexes, who were exercising violently. Shouting, screaming, clapping of hands, leaping, jerking, falling, and swooning. The speaker could not be distinctly heard, great as his exertions were ; certainly had it not been for his elevated position, his voice would have been entirely blended with the clamours below. I took my stand close by the fence, for the purpose of noting down exclamations uttered by the exercised, but found myself unable to pick up any thing like a distinct paragraph. [A paragraph of exclamations is good.] Borrowing an idea from the Greek mythology, to have a distinct perception of sounds, poured from such a multitude of bellowing mouths, would require the ear of *Jove*. I had to content myself with such vociferations as *glory, glory, power, Jesus Christ*,—with 'groans and woes unutterable.'

In the afternoon a short cessation was allowed for dinner, and those deeply affected were removed to tents and laid on the ground. This new arrangement made a striking change in the camp, the bustle being removed from the centre and distributed along the outskirts of the preaching ground. Separate tents, in which one or more persons were laid, were surrounded by females who sung melodiously. It is truly delightful to hear these sweet singing people. Some of their tunes, it is true, did not convey, through my prejudiced ears, the solemn impressions that become religious worship, for I recognised several of the airs associated with the sentimental songs of my native land. In one instance a tent was dismantled of its tow cloth covering, which discovered a female almost motionless.

* Flint's Letters from America.

After a choir of girls around her had sung for a few minutes, two men then stood over her, and simultaneously joined in prayer. One of them, gifted with a loud and clear voice, drowned the other totally, and actually prayed him down.

After dinner another orator took his place. The inclosure was again filled with the penitent, *or with others wishing to become so*, and a vast congregation arranged themselves on their seats in the rear. A most pathetic prayer was poured forth, and a profound silence reigned over the whole camp, except the fenced inclosure, from whence a low hollow murmuring sound issued. Now and then, *Amen* was articulated in a *pitiful* [pitiable] and indistinct tone of voice. You have seen a menagerie of wild animals on a journey, and perhaps have heard the king of beasts, and other powerful quadrupeds, excited to grumbling by the jolting of the wagon. Probably you will call this a rude simile; but it is the most accurate I can think of. Sermon commenced. The preacher announced his determination of discontinuing his labours in this part of the world, and leaving his dear brethren for ever. He addressed the old men present, telling them that they and he must soon be removed from this mortal state of existence, and that the melancholy reflection arose in his mind, '*What will become of the church when we are dead and gone?*'—A loud response of groaning and howling was sounded by the aged in the inclosure, and throughout the congregation. He next noticed that he saw a multitude of young men before him, and, addressing himself to them, said, 'I trust in God that many of you will be now converted, and will become the preachers and the pious Christians of after days.'—The clamour now thickened, for young and old shouted together. Turning his eyes toward the female side of the fence, he continued, 'And you, my dear sisters.'—What he had farther to say to the future 'nursing mothers of the church,' could not be heard, for the burst of acclamation, on their part, completely prevented his voice from

being heard, on which account he withdrew; and a tune was struck up and sung with grand enthusiasm. The worship now proceeded with a new energy; the prompter in the pulpit had succeeded in giving it an impulse, and the music was sufficient to preserve emotion. The inclosure was so much crowded that its inmates had not the liberty of lateral motion, but were literally hobbling *en masse*. My attention was particularly directed to a girl of about twelve years of age, who while standing could not be seen over her taller neighbours; but at every leap she was conspicuous above them. The velocity of every plunge made her long loose hair flit up as if a handkerchief were held by one of its corners and twitched violently. Another female, who had arrived at womanhood, was so much overcome that she was held up to the breeze by two persons who went to her relief. I never before saw such exhaustion. The vertebral column was completely pliant, her body, her neck, and her extended arms, bent in every direction successively. It would be impossible to describe the diversity of cases; they were not now confined within the fence, but were numerous among the people without. Only a small proportion of them could fall within the observations of any one bystander. The scene was to me equally novel and curious.

About dusk I retired several hundred yards into the woods to enjoy the distant effect of the meeting. Female voices were mournfully predominant, and my imagination figured to me a multitude of mothers, widows and sisters, giving the first vent to their grief, in bewailing the loss of a male population, by war, shipwreck, or some other great catastrophe.

It had been thought proper to place sentinels without the camp. Females were not allowed to pass out into the woods after dark. [Sly Mr. Flint.] Spirituous liquors were not permitted to be sold in the neighbourhood.

Large fires of timber were kindled, which cast a new lustre on every object. The white tents gleamed in the

glare. Over them the dusky woods formed a most romantic gloom, only the tall trunks of the front rank were distinctly visible, and these seemed so many members of a lofty colonnade. The illuminated camp lay on a declivity, and exposed a scene that suggested to my mind the moon-light gambols of beings known to us only through the fictions of credulous ages. The greatest turmoil prevailed within the fence, where the inmates were leaping and hobbling together with upward looks and extended arms. Around this busy mass, the crowd formed a thicker ring than the famous Macedonian phalanx [whose ring was a square, Mr. Flint]; and among them, a mixture of the exercised were interspersed. Most faces were turned inward to gaze on the grand exhibition, the rear ranks on tip-toe, to see over those in front of them, and not a few mounted on the log-seats, to have a more commanding view of *the show*. People were constantly passing out and into the ring in brisk motion, so that the white drapery of females and the darker apparel of the men were alternately vanishing and re-appearing in the *most elegant confusion*. The sublimity of the music served to give an enchanting effect to the whole. My mind involuntarily reverted to the leading feature of the tale of Alloway Kirk.

Warlocks and witches in a dance ;

Where Tam o' Shanter

- - - - Stood like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd.

Late in the evening a man detached himself from the crowd, walking rapidly back and forward, and crying aloud. His vociferations were of this kind : ' I have been a great sinner, and was on the way to be damned ; but am converted now, thank God—glory, glory ! ' He turned round on his heel occasionally, giving a loud whoop. A gentleman with whom I am well acquainted, told me that he had a conversation with a female who had just recovered from the debility of the day. She could give no other account of her sensations than that she felt so good, that she could press her very enemy to her bosom. [Fie, Mr. Flint.]

At half past two P.M. I got into a tent, stretched myself on the ground, and was soon lulled asleep by the music. About five I was awakened by the unceasing melody. At seven, preaching was resumed ; and a lawyer residing in the neighbourhood gave a sermon of a legal character. [We could wish this sort of sermon explained, for the sake of its novelty.]

At nine the meeting adjourned to breakfast. A multitude of small fires being previously struck up, an extensive cooking process commenced, and the smell of bacon tainted the air. I took this opportunity of reconnoitring the evacuated field. The little inclosure, so often mentioned, is by the religious called *Altar*, and some scoffers are wicked enough to call it *Pen*, from its similarity to the structures in which hogs are confined. Its area was covered over with straw, in some parts more wetted than the litter of a stable. If it could be ascertained that all this moisture was from the tears of the penitent, the fact would be a surprising one. [Fie again, naughty but facetious Mr. Flint.] Waving all inquiry into this phenomenon, however, the incident now recorded may be held forth as a very suitable counterpart to a wonderful story recorded by the Methodist oracle Lorenzo Dow, of a heavy shower drenching a neighbourhood, while a small speck, including a camp meeting, was passed over and left entirely dry. In Lorenzo's case, the rain fell all round the camp, but in that noticed by me, the moisture was in the very centre.

- - - Females seem to be more susceptible of the impressions than men are. A quality, perhaps, that is to be imputed to the greater sensibility of their feelings. - - -

The awakenings in Kentucky that were some years ago hailed by the religious magazines of your country as the workings of the *Divine Spirit*, must have been those that occurred at camp meetings of Methodists. These assemblages are now said to be on the decline in Kentucky ; and when meetings were held on a grand scale there, many disorders were committed by immoral persons, tending to the great scandal of religion, and occasioning the precaution-

ary measures already noticed in this detail.

[What could we add to such a picture as this, combining as it does the sensibility of a Wilkie with the honour of a

Hogarth. To the author we can only say *Vale*. He has entertained us much, though his work is not worth a rush: but we are always grateful for a laugh whether *at* or *with*.]

THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE.

THIS is the production of an ingenious and rather eccentric personage,—Dr. Kitchener, the author of that work of excellent, practical, *gourmandise*, “the Cook’s Oracle;” and those who possess that work, will assuredly, welcome a further manual that instructs them in the art of prolonging their enjoyment. There is besides in the volume before us, a conversational familiarity and a vein of agreeable humour, which have much conduced to its popularity. The writer has formed a sort of *cento*, of the opinions of the best medical practitioners of the present day, and has commented and confirmed, as he was led, by a very industrious, and long-continued application, to the subject. We are informed upon good authority, that the versatility of Doctor Kitchener’s genius is remarkable, that he is a good astronomer, and frequently turns from a *library* consisting of *five hundred* different books of *cookery*, to one of the finest private collections of *mathematical instruments*, in this country.

Proceeding on the principle that weak constitutions may, by proper management, enjoy life as much, and as long as the robust, (a position the author strikingly words, that “glass will last as long as iron, if we take care of it,”) the invalid will be sure to find in this work some judicious directions for the attainment of an even tone of health. After this recommendation it will be sufficient to add, that the work has been received with great avidity by the public, and that we have known it to be recommended by high medical authority, as a constant companion for the sufferer from indigestion and nervous debility.

We are so thoroughly convinced of the truth of the following remark, addressed to those who fancy *change of air* must effect great wonders, that we

hasten to transcribe it, being ourselves so decidedly of the doctor’s opinion.

“Do not expect benefit from mere change of *air*—the purest breezes of the country will produce very little effect, unless accompanied by plenty of regular *exercise*,* *temperance*, and, above all, *tranquillity of mind*.”

In regard to animal food, Dr Kitchener strongly recommends beef and mutton as the most nutritive and strengthening of any, and declares, that when he, himself, has not made his dinner off one or other of these articles, that he has found himself disposed to renovate his strength with an additional glass of wine.

The following humorous description of those who “murder sleep,” amused us much; it may be well classed amongst the miseries of human life, especially when endured by the nervous.

“If you are so unlucky as to have for next-door neighbours, fashionable folks who turn night into day, or such as delight in the sublime economy of cinder-saving, or cobweb-catching; it is in vain to seek repose before the former has indulged in the evening’s recreation of raking out the fire, and has played with the poker, till it has made all the red coals black; or after *Maldusta*, the tidy one, has awoken the morn with ‘the broom, the bonny, bonny broom.’

“A determined dust-hunter, or cinder-saver, murders its neighbour’s sleep with as little mercy, as Macbeth destroyed Duncan’s; and morning and evening, bangs doors, slams up and down the sashes, and rattles window shutters, till ‘the earth trembles, and air is aghast!’

* “The studious—the contemplative—the valetudinarian—and those of weak nerves, if they aim at health and long life, must make exercise, in a good air, a part of their religion.”

Cheyne on long Life.

"If all attempts to conciliate a savage who is in this fancy, are labour in vain, and the management of its fire is equally the occupation of the morning, and the amusement of the evening; the preservation of a cinder, and the destruction of a cobweb, the main business of its existence: the best advice we can give you, gentle reader, is to send it this little book, and beseech it to place the following pages opposite to its optic nerves, some morning after you have diverted it from sleep every half hour during the preceding night."

What follows reminds us of Hogarth's enraged musician; we refer the readers to the work itself, and doubt not but they will find in the highly finished picture, as much delight as it afforded us.

We are all of us but too well acquainted with the following manner of our bed clothes being put on.

"Of all the customs of clothing, the most extremely absurd is the usual arrangement of *bed-clothes*, which, in order as the chamber-maid fancies to make the bed look pretty in the day time, are left long at the head, that they may cover the pillows; when they are turned down, you have an intolerable load on your lungs, and that part of the body which is most exposed during the day, is smothered at night, with double the quantity of clothes that any other part has.

"Sleep is prevented by an unpleasant degree of either heat or cold, and in this ever-varying climate, where often 'in one monstrous day all seasons mix,' delicate thermometrical persons will derive much comfort from keeping a counterpane in reserve, for an additional covering *in very cold weather*: when some extra clothing is as needful by night, as a great coat is by day."

The following remarks on the spoiling of our wine, are no less just.

"Wine, especially port, is generally twice spoiled before it is considered fit to be drank.

"The *wine maker* spoils it first by overloading it with *brandy*, to make it keep.

"The *wine drinker* keeps it till time has not only dissipated the superabundant spirit, but even until the ace-

tous fermentation begins to be evident; this, it is the taste now to call '*flavor*,' and wine is not liked till it has lost so much of its exhilarating power, that you may drink a pint of it, before receiving that degree of excitement, which the wine drinker requires to make him happy. We mean a **LEGAL** pint containing 16 ounces."

How often have we not ourselves witnessed that infatuation of vulgar error, concerning "a *thick crust* on the bottle" of *old port*: whereas, as Dr. Kitchener informs us, and which is well known to those who have resided among the merchants at Oporto, that

"A *thick crust* is not always the consequence of the wine having been a very long time in the bottle, but is rather a sign that it was too little time in the cask, or has been kept in a very cold cellar."

There are some very valuable and judicious observations in this little volume on the *night-mare*, and on nervous and hypochondriac cases, which ought to be carefully perused by those persons so afflicted; and, as the editor of this work tells us, "he had from his youth to bear up against an highly irritable nervous system," it forms a yet stronger inducement to nervous persons to read this part with the most undivided attention.

At the conclusion of this work, is a very amusing, and well written article.—The pleasure of making a will. It also contains some very useful information, and there is one part that requires particular attention, for many a female, unfortunately yoked to a worthless husband, has suffered essentially from a want of care in this particular: we extract the passage in question.

"When any estate, effects, or annuity, is given to a *married woman*, it is generally bequeathed to some person in trust for her, or to her, for her sole and separate use, with directions that her receipt alone shall be a sufficient discharge for the same; thereby to prevent what is given being subject to the control or debts of the husband.

"If any legacy be given to a married woman absolutely, without such restrictions, it will be as if the same were given to the husband."

THE LIFE OF THE REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY.*

(Literary Gazette.)

THOUGH twenty years after his decease, this Life of the famous Father O'Leary is better late than never. Besides a sketchy biography of that person, the author has introduced historical anecdotes, the memoirs of other Romish Priests (such as Drs. Moylan, Hussey, &c.) and documents to illustrate the condition of the Irish Catholics during the 18th century. These give greater weight and interest to his publication than it could otherwise have enjoyed; and though we find the statements very strongly tainted with his religious feelings, and language sometimes used ill in unison with his principles of moderation, the volume is altogether a performance calculated to be popularly read.

Arthur O'Leary was born in the western part of the county of Cork, in the year 1729. His parents were peasants; and nothing of his early life is recorded. His education we are informed was imperfect, in consequence of the penal laws which then existed against the instruction of Papists; and if we consider the rank and means of his progenitors, another reason for this want of learning might perhaps be surmised. Probably he displayed some talent while yet a boy; as at the age of eighteen, namely, in 1747, we find that he went to France, entered the Capuchin Convent at St. Maloes, and became in due time a brother of that order. Till 1756 he pursued his studies and in that year rendered himself conspicuous by his religious attentions to the British prisoners confined in the prisons of St. Maloes. In 1771 he returned to Ireland, and settled in Cork, where a chapel being erected for him, he preached with considerable reputation. About 1775 he entered the field as a public writer, by taking part in a controversy against a Scottish physician named Blair, who had published a book in favour of the doctrines of Servetus and of free-thinking in re-

ligion. From this period he promulgated several pamphlets on various questions, and always advocated the cause of loyalty, patriotism, and Christianity. Thus in 1779 he vigorously assailed John Wesley; in 1780 wrote an able Essay on Toleration; afterwards entered into a defence of the character of Pius vi. (Ganganelli;) and at a later era still, took a leading part in the then celebrated controversy, called the Cloyne Controversy, in which the tenets and acts of the Irish Roman Catholics were arraigned by Dr. Duigenan and the Bishop of Cloyne, and justified by O'Leary and others.

Upon this, as upon all other occasions, our "Holy Friar" displayed some of that jocoseness which marked his character. Dr. Woodward had exposed the belief in Purgatory, and was animadverted upon as follows by his humorous antagonist:

"We cannot in reason hate a catholic for his speculative creed. His belief of the real presence affects us no more than if he believed Berenice's tresses were changed into a comet. Nor are we much concerned, whether in that immensity beyond the grave, there may be an intermediate place between the two extremes of complete happiness and complete misery—a place where the soul atones for venial lapses, and pays off a part of the debts it has contracted here. It is equal to us where a man pays his debts, whether here or in purgatory, provided he pays ourselves what he owes us; and however clamorous a mitred divine may be about a popish purgatory, HE MAY PERHAPS GO FURTHER, AND SPEED WORSE."

"The proctor's pound, where the cottager's cow or calf is imprisoned, is a greater nuisance to the living than thousands of subterraneous caverns beyond the grave."

Such hits were not uncommon with Father O'Leary, and his genuine Irish fun mingled in his gravest arguments, as well as in his social enjoyments and

* The Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, &c. &c. By the Rev. T. R. England. London 1822.

less important concerns. We remember hearing an anecdote of him, with which we shall head two or three furnished by Mr. England, with whom we should not have quarrelled if he had introduced a few more.

At a review in Hyde Park, O'Leary had stopped to speak to the Prince of Wales, when an Aid du Camp came up with his horse's head so close over the reverend Father's shoulder, that the foam from his mouth was communicated to the Friar's muzzle. Indignant at the accident at such a moment, O'Leary wheeled round, and with his nervous grasp of the bridle threw the animal on his haunches, and his rider almost upon the ground, exclaiming, "I shaved this morning already, Sir, and I won't be *lathered* again by you."

Our author says, amongst other traits of humour that distinguished his residence in England, his acquaintance with the well known Daniel Danser, of penurious notoriety, is not the least remarkable. The retired habits and low cautious avarice which characterised that strange man, rendered an introduction to him difficult, and an intimacy of any continuance a matter almost out of the range of possibility. The obstacles to both were overcome by O'Leary. During a visit which he made in the neighbourhood where Danser resided, he found means to gain admittance into the ruined dwelling where the miser passed his life. Some strange communication, which he contrived to have conveyed to the object of his search, got him admittance to a filthy apartment, where the haggard lord of the mansion anxiously awaited his arrival. O'Leary introduced himself as a relative of the *Danser* family, and in a most amusing strain of brilliant and delightful detail of the origin of the name, and the exploits of the early founders of the race from David, who *danced* before the Israelites, he traced the progress of their descent to the collateral branches, the Welsh *jumpers*, then contemporaries of *dancing* notoriety. His wit triumphed: for a moment the sallow brow of avarice became illumined by the indications of a delighted mind, and *Danser* had courage enough to invite his visitor to partake of a glass

of wine, which, he said, he would procure for his refreshment. A cordial shake of hands was the return made for O'Leary's polite refusal of so expensive a compliment; and he came from the house followed by its strange tenant, who, to the amusement of O'Leary, and the astonishment of the only other person who witnessed the scene, solicited the favour of another visit.—

"At one of the meetings of the English catholic board, whilst O'Leary was addressing the chairman, the late Lord Petre, it was suggested by the noble president that the speaker was entering on topics not calculated to promote the unanimity of the assembly. O'Leary, however, persevered; on which Lord Petre interrupted him, adding, 'Mr. O'Leary, I regret much to see that you are *out of order*.' The reply was equally quick and characteristic—'I thank you for your anxiety, my lord; but I assure you *I never was in better health in my life*.' The archness of manner with which these words were uttered was triumphant, and every unpleasant feeling was lost in the mirth which was necessarily excited."

The wag was himself sometimes played upon.

"The angry themes of religious disputation were, through life, sedulously avoided by O'Leary. He never published any thing professedly controversial. His sermons, as has already been noticed, frequently turned on points of religious belief; and, in some of his writings, his vindication of many of the doctrines and practices of the catholic church was equally learned and successful. Once, however, notwithstanding his declared aversion to polemics, he was led into its thorny way. The circumstance was as follows:—Some time before he quitted Cork, he received a letter, through the post office; the writer of which, in terms expressive of the utmost anxiety, stated that he was a clergyman of the established church, on whose mind impressions favourable to the catholic creed had been made by some sermons of O'Leary's;—he was an enemy, he said, to angry controversy; but as a ray of light had broken in on his mind,

he yielded to a conscientious impulse to seek further and fuller information on some articles of the catholic creed, than the course of his early education had permitted or enabled him to acquire. His name he forbore to reveal. O'Leary, who was ever alive to the claims of duty as well as humanity, replied in a manner perfectly satisfactory to his anonymous correspondent. Other doubts were expressed and dissipated; and, through a series of eight or ten long letters, every point of difference between the catholic and protestant churches was urged, on the one hand, with the utmost force, and refuted by the other, in the ablest and most convincing manner. The triumphant controvertist had, in the joy of his heart, whispered the important secret, (a discovery of which subjected him, by the laws then in force, to transportation or death,) to a few ecclesiastical confidants; amongst whom was his bosom friend, the late Rev. Lawrence Callanan, a Franciscan friar, of Cork. Their congratulations and approbation were not wanting to urge forward the champion of orthodoxy. His arguments bore all before them: even the obstacles arising from family and legal motives were disregarded by the enthusiastic convert; and he besought O'Leary to name a time and place at which he might lift the mysterious visor, by which he had, hitherto, been concealed; and, above all, have an opportunity afforded to him to express his sentiments of gratitude and veneration to his friend and teacher.

"The appointed hour arrived:—O'Leary arranged his orthodox wig; put on his Sunday suit of sables, and sallied forth in all the collected gravity of a man fully conscious of the novelty and responsibility of the matter in which he was engaged. He arrived at the appointed place of meeting some minutes after the fixed time—was told that a respectable clergyman awaited his arrival in an adjoining parlour—thither he goes, and finds seated at a table, with the entire correspondence before him, *his brother friar Callanan*. The joke in O'Leary's opinion was carried too far, and the subject was too serious to be trifled with; and it re-

quired the sacrifice of the correspondence, and the interference of mutual friends to effect a reconciliation. Any allusion to the matter afterwards he looked upon to be personally offensive; and it may be doubted whether his friendship for Mr. Callanan ever entirely recovered from the wound inflicted on it by this circumstance."

The following, relating to the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, is deserving of being classed with the above.

"An Italian, who had come to London for purposes of trade, and whose notions of an English mob were not much tempered by common sense or experience, was anxious, during the heat of the riots, to get safe to his lodging from a distant party of the city; but as he feared lest his being a catholic and his ignorance of the English language should subject him to insult, if not to a chance of being knocked down, he prevailed with an acquaintance of his to teach him some vulgar and popular denunciation of *popery*. After some very successful repetitions of this *pass word*, he ventured into the streets. He had not, however, proceeded an hundred yards on his way, when he perceived eight or ten athletic fellows, armed with bludgeons, and apparently under the influence of intoxication, coming towards him. These he guessed to be members of Lord G. Gordon's association; and, of course, he immediately took off his hat, waved it in the air, and vociferated, in a painful screech, '*Damn the pope and popery.*' His uncovered head was too tempting an object not to attract the leader of the party, (which consisted of Irish chairmen, who, taking courage from despair, and who, fully charged with gin, had sallied forth, the devoted champions of *Pope and popery*;) a blow of a cudgel felled the recreant to the earth, which was quickly followed by others, at every effort of '*Damnation*,' till their victim was rescued from his assailants by an Irish gentleman, to whom he was fortunately known; and whose influence with his infuriate countrymen probably saved the life of his Italian friend."

But to return to our subject. O'Leary was with Dr. Hussey attach-

ed to the Spanish Embassy in London, and during the last years of his life preached at the chapel in Sutton-Street, Soho Square, whither curiosity as well as admiration attracted many hearers. He also latterly received a pension, from the liberality of Government, of £200 a year.

“One circumstance (says his biographer) remarkable during his residence in London, was, that in the midst of the distractions by which he was occupied, he still retained the love of religious solitude, which he had early imbibed in the exercises of the cloister; and he frequently, towards the close of his life, deeply and earnestly regretted his having ever quitted the peaceful retreats of piety and learning. If the circumstances in which he was placed would have permitted such a line of conduct, there is reason to believe that, notwithstanding his social attractions and disposition, his wishes led him to end his life in retirement:—but such a choice was denied to him; and he had no alternative but that of occasional retreat for the purposes of personal sanctification.”

His early feelings, habits, and religion, led him to be a strenuous hater of the French revolution. He pitied the unfortunate emigrants, and frequently exercised his pen to plead their cause; and in a pithy description of a visit

which he paid to France, depicted the effects of the change that had taken place by saying, that “there was not *now* one gentleman left in the whole country.” A pamphlet against perjury, suggested by the shocking disregard to oaths at the Westminster election, was never published; and the last production of his pen was a memorial in behalf of the Fathers of La Trappe, then fugitives on the face of the earth. On the day after his arrival in London from France he died, 8th January, 1802, aged 72, and was buried in St. Pancras Church-yard.

We shall not prolong this paper with any remarks. Mr. England, as we have hinted, occasionally speaks rather coarsely of those from whom he differs in opinion; in other respects he has performed his task satisfactorily enough. He signalizes the year 1774 as the first dawn of relaxation towards the Catholics, by the passing of the Act whereby they were admitted to certify their allegiance to the King; and he mentions that Dr. Egan, at Clonmell (who died in 1797,) “was the first catholic clergyman in Ireland, since the Revolution, who was permitted to assist criminals under sentence of death, previously to their execution.”

These are about all the benefits we are told of—they seem to be written in water; the injuries in brass.

(*Lond. Mag.*)

I'LL DAUT NAE MAIR A POSIE.

1.

ONCE I loved a lily hand,
A cheek baith ripe and rosie;
Once I loved a ruddie lip,—
I'll daut nae mair a posie;
Sweet is a rose to smell and pu',
When opening is its fragrant mou,
But there's a worm among the dew—
I'll daut nae mair a posie.

2

Once I met a rosie cheek
Among the dews of even,
An ee that kenn'd nae ill but love
Could wiled a saint frae heaven;

Though love's divine delicious lowe
Warm in those rosie cheeks did glow,
Where pity has forgot to grow,
'Tis but a posie living.

3.

Woman, thou art a bairnly playke
Wi' nought but beauty's blossom;
But thou'rt a flower of heavenly power,
Wi' pity in thy bosom.
Wi' a' thy smiles and a' thy charms,
Wi' a' thy failings and thy harms
Thou'rt lovelier in a bodie's arms
Than ought that bears a blossom. C

(Literary Gazette.)

A SELECTION OF POPULAR AIRS, &c. No. IV.

THE WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

THE style in which this number is finished is most praiseworthy; but we reserve our chief applause for the beautiful lyrical effusions of Mr. Moore, whose Muse seems to drink at an inexhaustible Hippocrene of Song. We have here twelve of its overflowings, not all indeed of equal merit, but some of them charmingly sparkling, others delightfully pure, and only two or three of a turbid inferiority.

Of the eleven Airs of which the Number consists, four are also harmonized; and there is one harmonized which is not given as a simple air. It is the most touching of them all in sentiment, and does honour to the Minstrel who pays so feeling a tribute to the Bard of Scotland, whose race is o'er—Poor Burns!

Here sleeps the Bard, who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died like distant streamlets on the ear.

Sleep, sleep, alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweeps thy lifeless brow,
That storm, whose rush is like the martial lay,
That breeze, which like thy love-song dies away.

This is from a Highland Air: the others are Venetian, Sicilian, Savoyard, Mahratta, Swedish, Neapolitan, French, German, and Italian; and more or less characteristic of the music of those countries.

The first in the volume is a playful *jeu d'esprit* to a Swedish tune—the thoughts are perhaps better suited to more southern climes, but we will admire them *in se*.

Come, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some perhaps may sigh.
Tho' Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, Maids, come listen, &c.

Young Chloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game.

While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
When Chloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home,
One small, neat Love-cage making.
Come listen, Maids, come listen, &c.

Much Chloe laugh'd at Susan's task,
But mark how things went on,—
These light caught Loves, ere you could ask
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Chloe's nets were wove,
That tho' she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the smallest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come listen, Maids, come listen, &c.

Meanwhile young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love, with golden pinions, caught,
And cag'd him there for ever.
Instructing thereby all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, Maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear, like Susan smile,
Ah! not like Chloe, sigh.

The two next pieces, to Venetian and Silician strains, are not only less poetical, but in our opinion, far below the writer's standard. The fourth Song, however, makes amends: it is a pretty anacreontic of Neapolitan origin.

Take hence the bowl, tho' beaming
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,
Oh! it but sets me dreaming
Of days, of nights now gone!

There, in its clear reflection,
As in a wizard's glass,
Lost hopes and dead affection
Like shades before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither
Some friend who once sat by;
Bright lips, too bright to wither,—
Warm hearts, too warm to die!

Till, as the dream comes o'er me
Of those long vanish'd years,
Then, then the cup before me
Seems turning all to tears!

Passing over the next, as not much, if at all, above the middling class, we arrive at a sweet amatory composition, to a Savoyard tune.

How oft when watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.

"Oh come, my love!" each note it utters seems to say
"Oh come, my love! the night wears fast away."

No, ne'er to mortal ear
Can words, though warm they be,
Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

Then quickly my own lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell,
And though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.

"I come, my love!" each sound they utter seems
to say,

"I come, my love! thine, thine till break of day."

Oh! weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compar'd to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him.

The following is of the same genus,
and equally sweet, with a warmer glow,
though to a German Air:

When the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting, for me and for him!
When the first summer bee, &c.

Then to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander;

While I, oh! much fonder,
Will stay with thee!
In search of new sweetness thro' thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in One!
Then to ev'ry bright tree, &c.

The eighth possesses no peculiar recommendation; and the ninth is one of those sparkling conceits which glitter more than they charm. The tenth is about Neapolitan liberty: the words are brandy, the theme whey; or, the former the crater of Vesuvius, the latter its surrounding snow, neither to be warmed nor melted. The last is more successful; and being set to a striking Mahratta Air, will, we think, be a favourite, as it is a fanciful anacreontic.

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools,
Give me the Sage, who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the sunshine of the table;
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute.

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water,
While truth, more precious dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter!
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

And the muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their unmeasured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier:
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a Soldier's funeral.—

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain;
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!

'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep!

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lowered into the ground:
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—
I saw a poor and aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:
He knelt him down on the new raised mound,
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground,
He raised his head, his tears were done—
The Father had prayed o'er his only Son! L.E.L.

PARISIAN THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

A Lady in one of the boxes alone waited for a friend with whom she had intended to spend the evening, when to her surprise the door was opened, and a stranger was admitted. She remonstrated, and asked whether it was intrusion or the fault of the door-keeper, as she had given the only cheque to

her particular friend?—but the stranger assured her there was neither mistake nor error, as he had paid 25 francs for the admission. The Paris Editor exclaims humorously against the spirit of commerce, which could thus tempt a favoured swain to sell his mistress's gift.

WELCH MELODIES, &c.

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE SEA-SONG OF GAVRAN.*

Air—"The live-long night."

Watch ye well! The moon is shrouded
On her bright throne;
Storms are gathering, stars are clouded,
Waves make wild moan.
'Tis no night of hearth-fires glowing,
And gay songs and wine-cups flowing,
But of winds, in darkness blowing,
O'er seas unknown!

In the dwellings of our fathers,
Round the glad blaze,
Now the festive circle gathers,
With harps and lays;
Now the rush-strewn halls are ringing,
Steps are bounding, bards are singing,
—Ay! the hour to all is bringing
Peace, joy or praise!

Save to us, our night-watch keeping,
Storm-winds to brave,
While the very sea-bird sleeping,
Rests in its cave!
Think of us when hearths are beaming,
Think of us when mead is streaming,
Ye, of whom our souls are dreaming,
On the dark wave!

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLLAN.

Air—"The Door-Clapper."

The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to night,
I weep, for the grave has extinguish'd its light;
The beam of its lamp from the summit is o'er,
The blaze of its hearth shall give welcome no more!

The Hall of Cynddylan is voiceless and still,
The sound of its harpings hath died on the hill!
Be silent for ever, thou desolate scene,
Nor let e'en an echo recall what hath been!

The Hall of Cynddylan is lonely and bare,
No banquet, no guest, not a footstep is there!
Oh! where are the warriors who circled its board?
—The grass will soon wave where the mead-cup was
pour'd!

The Hall of Cynddylan is loveless to-night,
Since He is departed whose smile made it bright!
I mourn, but the sigh of my soul shall be brief,
The pathway is short to the grave of my chief!

* Gavran was a British Chief, who in the fifth century undertook a voyage to discover the islands which, by tradition, were known under the appellation of Gwerddon-naut Llion, or Green Islands of the Ocean. This expedition was never afterwards heard of. See *Cambrian Biography*.

We shall only add Owain Glyndwr's War-song (which is accompanied by a very well conceived and well executed plate by H. F. Rose,) a martial and inspiring theme:

WAR-SONG.

Saw ye the blazing star?
The heavens look down on freedom's war,
And light her torch on high!
Bright on the dragon-crest
It tells that glory's wing shall rest,
When warriors meet to die!
Let earth's pale tyrants read despair,
And vengeance in its flame.
Hail ye, my bards! the omen fair
Of conquest and of fame,
And swell the rushing mountain-air,
With songs to Glyndwr's name.

At the dead hour of night,
Mark'd ye how each majestic height
Burn'd in its awful beams?
Red shone th' eternal snows,
And all the land, as bright it rose,
Was full of glorious dreams!
Oh! eagles of the battle, rise!
The hope of Gwynedd wakes!
It is your banner in the skies,
Thro' each dark cloud which breaks,
And mantles, with triumphal dyes,
Your thousand hills and lakes!

A sound is on the breeze,
A murmur, as of swelling seas!
The Saxon's on his way!
Lo! spear, and shield, and lance,
From Deva's waves, with lightning glance,
Reflected to the day!
But who the torrent-wave compels
A conqueror's chain to bear?
Let those who wake the soul that dwells
On our free winds, beware!
The greenest and the loveliest dells
May be the lion's lair!

Of us *they* told, the seers
And monarch-bards of elder years,
Who walk'd on earth, as pow'rs
And in their burning strains
A spell of might and mystery reigns,
To guard our mountain-towers!
—In Snowdon's caves a prophet lay,
Before his gifted sight
The march of ages pass'd away,
With hero-footsteps bright,
But proudest in that long array
Was Glyndwr's path of light!

Varieties.

(London Magazines, January.)

PROVERBS.

"AS EQUAL AS A HERRING-BONE."

In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man 'as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides:' an image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring fishery.

"RULED BY THE RUDDER OR RULED BY THE ROCK."

There is a Cornish proverb, 'Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.'—The strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imagination of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb against obstinate wrong-heads. - - -

"AND REVENGE 500 POUNDS."

The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Y vengar quinientos saeldas*; 'And revenge five hundred pounds!' An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute by as many pieces of coin; at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction; and the event perpetuated in the recollection of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterise all men of high

honour, and devoted lovers of their country. - - -

"HAND OVER HEAD, AS MEN TOOK THE COVENANT."

Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated; *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant!* This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by "acclamation."

"TESTERS ARE GONE TO OXFORD, TO STUDY AT BRAZEN-NOSE."

An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage. *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brazen-nose.* When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage.

"THERE IS NO BROODING OUT OF THE NEST."

The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb,—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *Lagallina covava!* 'The hen is brooding!' said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo re-

plied by another, that 'There was no brooding out of the nest !'

" I HAVE PAID MY ENGLISH."

Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglois* : 'I have paid all my English.' This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords ; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the *English*, and their *creditors* synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*Ore le Pape est devenu Francois, Jesu Christ Anglais* : 'Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English ;' a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France ; and the English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

*Con todo el mondo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra !*

" War with the world,
And peace with England !"

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot ascertain. England must have always been a desirable ally to Spain, against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inglese Italianato è undiavolo incarnato* : 'The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate.' Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners ; and more Italians travelled into England, and were more

constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. The cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy which could not else have occurred. It was probable some sarcastic Italian, and perhaps, horologer, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbsed our nation—'They agree like the clocks of London !'

We were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies ; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb—*Ha piu da fare che i forni di natala Inghilterra* : 'He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.' Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, who devoured at once Shakespeare and their pasty. Some of those volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age.

NEW SOLAR THEORY.

Dr. Hoyer of Minden, has published in the Sunday Journal of that town, a detailed account of his hypothesis that the Nucleus of the Sun consists of molten gold.

HEIDEGGER.

One of our Wine and Walnut papers described the extraordinary ugliness of Heidegger : we have since heard the following anecdote of it. A Nobleman dunned by his tailor, who was not only a very ill-favoured person, but perhaps made still more disgraceful by his business, said to him in a humorous pet, "Gad curse it—you are the ugliest rascal in London. Show me but a man as ugly as yourself, and I'll pay your bill." Our ingenious tradesman departed, reflecting on this hard condition, when by good luck it struck him to enlist Heidegger on his behalf ; but this was no easy job ; Heidegger was a high Don, and it was absolutely necessary to employ finesse. So he went to the Count as

with a message from my Lord, desiring to see him immediately. Heidegger hesitated, but at length went; and the Tailor watching his opportunity, popped his own ugly face in at the door along with the hideous visage of the foreigner. The Nobleman could not resist the appeal, but bursting into a fit of laughter, worth all the money, gave a cheque for his bill.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE of LONGEVITY.

At Feodosia, in the Crimea, lives a porter named Soast Oglu, born at Erzerum in Armenia in 1702, who is still so strong, that he can go up stairs like a young man, and last year was able to carry a sack of flour up a hill. His appetite and memory are good, and his grey beard begins to turn black at the roots, a phenomenon which, it is said, has been noticed before in other persons of an advanced age. He has likewise cut three new teeth since he was a hundred years old. He has, however lost his hearing, probably from being obliged, through poverty, to sleep in the streets thinly clothed during the very severe weather.—Mr. Busche, the Counsellor of State, has taken a portrait of this old man; and Count Langeron, the Military Governor, and his lady, have had him presented to them, and given him relief.

THE BLOOD : NEW THEORY.

Sir Everard Home has delivered a lecture, in which he maintains that Carbonic Acid Gas forms a large proportion of the blood, and that this fluid is a *tubular* structure. We know not by what experiments he justifies the latter hypothesis, so contrary to received opinions. He imputes the germination of grain to the same cause, viz. the shooting of a tube of the Gas through the globular juice of the grain.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

Another of those manufactured monsters, a Mermaid, (supposed to be one of the *male* species) is now exhibiting in the Strand, and rivals, in its infamous ingenuity of construction, the *Ward in Chancery* in St. James's-street. It was brought by a Captain Forster to England, and sold to Frith and Bradley, Pawnbrokers in St. Catherine's, and was publicly exhibited 29

years ago in Broad-court. It differs from its rival, not in beauty, but in a lateral fin. Are not the exhibitions of notorious impostures liable to immediate investigation by the Police? and if so, ought not this to have been examined by dissection, and if fabricated, which cannot be doubted, the parties interested in it punished? The Society for the suppression of Vice attacks less impious appeals to the public than the declaration of those vagabonds, that it is a *natural production, and one of the wonderful works of God.*

ANECDOTE.

A man who boasted that he knew how to employ his time to the best advantage, told a friend that he never walked out without a book in his hand: "Well! replied the other, this is the best way to read without advantage, and walk without pleasure."

BONAPARTE'S MOTHER.

The foreign newspapers announce, during the last month, the death of an extraordinary personage. Her last words were singular; and as it is not impossible that they may one day turn out prophetic, we give them a place in our record for more purposes than that of mere amusement. The evening preceding her death she called together all her household; she was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was superbly decorated and illuminated. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt and kissed her hand, which was one blaze of gems! To her chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said,—"*Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine.*" To Maria Belgrade, her waiting-maid, she said, "*Go to Gerome, he will take care of thee. When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.*" She then called Colonel Darley to her bedside; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and in Napoleon's will was assigned to have a donation of 14,000*l.* "You," said she, "*have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson—and what he and you may*

arrive at is beyond my discerning—but *you will both be great.*" She then called in her junior servants, and as their names were mentioned, marked down with a pencil, on a sheet of paper the pecuniary donation which she intended for each. When they were dismissed, she then declared, that she had done with this world, and demanded some water, in which she washed her hands. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer-book on her breast. "Thus," says the account, "perished the mother of one who has been a meteor upon earth, and a blazing star to direct others." Madame Mere, as she was called, died immensely rich; the bulk of her fortune goes to young Napoleon. She was latterly a very religious woman, and much under the influence of her brother, Cardinal Fesch.

AN INQUIRY.

MR. EDITOR,—During a short stay in Paris in 1815, I was one day passing by the Quai du Louvre, where a grimacier caught my attention, who was grinning for customers to his master's course of Philosophical experiments: the price of admittance into a temporary shed, which served for an Exhibition room, was two sous. I gave half a franc, and my munificence was rewarded by a situation very near the philosopher. His apparatus was excellent. With a large air-pump he froze water by a rapid exhaustion, without the assistance of absorbents; and by a converse experiment he produced fire by sudden condensation of the air. But his most amusing and interesting experiments were performed with a powerful plate electrifying machine. Many of those which are usual were shewn—one was very diverting: a girl taken from the crowd, was placed on the insulated stool, and the young fellows were challenged to kiss her; several attempted it, but before their lips could come into contact, sparks from her nose always drove them off, to the great amusement of the spectators and the discomfiture even of some young soldiers who made the attempt. But the object, Mr. Editor, of this communication, is to make inquiry through the medium of your paper, respecting

one of the experiments that I witnessed. A pot of mould was placed on the stool, on a table; the exhibitor took from a bottle a mouthful of liquid, which I then believed to be water, and blew it over the surface of the mould to moisten it; he then sprinkled some cress and mustard seed on the surface, and placed on them a round piece of tin, apparently the bottom of an old kettle; on this the chain was laid, and the machine was worked strongly, for a time, not exceeding a minute. When the tin plate was removed, it was discovered that the seed had sprouted to a sallad an inch long! I was struck with the experiment, never having seen it before, and examined every thing about it, not to detect imposture, for there was none intended, the exhibitor professing philosophy not necromancy, but that I might be enabled to repeat the experiment when an opportunity occurred. Since my return to England, I have tried it, without success, and consulted friends who are conversant with electrical facts, yet ignorant of this very interesting and useful one. If this account should meet the eye of any gentleman who can communicate to you further information upon the subject, I think it may prove of general interest.

O.

POPULATION RETURNS.

By the late population returns, the principal places in Great Britain appear as follows: London 1,225,694; Glasgow, 147,043; Edinburgh, 138,235; Manchester and Salford, 133,788; Liverpool 118,972; Birmingham 106,722; Bristol 97,779; Leeds 83,796; Newcastle 46,948; Aberdeen 44,796; Hull with Sculcoates 39,040; Bath 36,811; Norwich 50,288; Plymouth 61,212; Portsmouth and Gosport 51,832; Sheffield 42,157; Nottingham 40,415; Dundee 30,475.

ADVENTURES OF A THIEF:

IN PROMPTUS.

Tom Treadmill from a jeweler's shop one day
A silver tea-pot stole, and ran away:
Pursued and caught, he in the dock was placed,
And hanged on proof how thief and pot were chased.

A thief stole a tea-pot, in a window placed:
Both pot and thief excessively were chased;
And after being taken, as they tell,
Were both of them directly sent to cell.
Still they were both alike, both still were suited,
For each of them was highly executed.

PUN LEGAL.

A short time before the removal of the Irish Courts to their present splendid buildings, one of the walls of the old Court-house was in a very tottering condition.--- While a law argument was going on one day in full Court, this assumed so dangerous an appearance as to check the proceedings for a short time; during which a young Wag at the Bar addressed the Court, saying, "My Lord, I move for an *injunction to stay the proceedings* of that wall,"—"There is no need, (replied Curran)—a *temporary bar* will be sufficient.

MUSIC.

Proposals are circulated for publishing by subscription, in two folio volumes, a Selection from the most admired Works of that eminent Composer, the late Dr Callcott, including several Manuscript Pieces never before presented to the public, and a Memoir of the Author, written by Mr. Horsley. This desirable Work is expected in the course of the summer; and when we add not only the price is moderate, being only 52s. but that it is for the benefit of a family deprived of their chief stay, we are sure the

friends of musical genius will not be slow in giving it their support.

CHINESE FRIENDSHIP.

An officer in Irkutsk having bought something of a Chinese in Kiachta, called him his friend several times, and at parting invited him to visit at his house if ever he came to his country. Several months after, the Chinese arrived at Irkutsk, and took up his abode with *his friend* the officer. He remained there seven days, and when he went away took all that pleased him, furniture, paintings, clocks, &c. saying, "Adieu, friend." Not long after, the Russian had need of 3000 rubles. As he could not well raise the money at Irkutsk, he travelled to Kiachta, went to the Chinese and begged him to lend him 3000 rubles. "Lend! lend and good friend!" murmured the Chinese: "here, go to my desk and take as much as you want; but if you say any thing more about lending and repaying, our friendship is at an end." The Russian took the sum he wanted, and as he was going away the Chinese shook him heartily by the hand, and cried "Adieu, my dear friend!"

THE FEMALE CONVICT.

(Literary Gazette.)

[Suggested by the interesting description in the Memoirs of John Nicol, mariner, quoted in the Review of the *Literary Gazette*, and extracted into the last No. of the *Athenium*, p. 481.]

She shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude:
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,
For innermost shame, on another's to look;
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—
She still was young, and she had been fair;
But weather-stains, hunger toil and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colours of youth depart
From the sallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of spirit's shame.

They were sailing over the salt sea foam,
Far from her country, far from her home;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep!
And her future held forth but the felon's lot,
To live forsaken—to die forgot!
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had the glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping place;
A strange wild look was upon her face,
Her eyes flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spoke in a low unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!

"I had last night the loveliest dream:
My own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain;
There stood on the hills the green pine tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
A long and a weary way I had come;
But I stopp'd, methought, by mine own sweet home.
I stood by the hearth, and my Father sat there,
With pale thin face, and snow-white hair!
The Bible lay upon his knee,
But he closed the book to welcome me.
He led me next where my Mother lay,
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
For it echoed one to my young days dear.
This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!
—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue;
To me they are music, to me they recall
The things long hidden by memory's pall!
Take this long curl of yellow hair,
And give it my Father, and tell him my prayer,
My dying prayer, was for him. . . ."

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept o'er the surge;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
The Convict has found in the green sea a grave.

L. E. L.

[The writer of these charming effusions, under the signature of L. E. L. is a young lady in her teens, whose genius bids fair long and successfully to irradiate the temple of the Muses.]